



The Grail

APRIL, 1934

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The Grail

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He Is Risen!



The One "Super-Spectacle"

To a person of average intelligence the so-called "prevue" descriptions of coming movies are amusing. Each time the producers come out with a set of words to tell about the next show, words that seek to outdo the ones used for the last show. Unfortunately our language allows of only three degrees of comparison. But they have dropped "good" and "better" and have long since tried to make "best" seem tame. So we have the "Soopers," with each one even "more super" than the last. The irony of it, of course, is that most of these shows are not even good.

Barnum described his circus as "the greatest show on earth" and let it stand at that. But even he was wrong, because each year the Church of God can and does present the really one and only spectacle that in actual drama, powerful emotional appeal and depth surpasses by far anything ever presented. Witnessing this drama, one passes in succession from the depths of sorrow to the heights of joy; and in the sorrow there is no bitterness nor despair, and in the joy there is no excessive abandon, for we are living anew with the Son of God His Death and Resurrection.

Why is it, though, that even many Catholics who attend these services fail to appreciate their full dramatic force? It is principally because merely to witness them is not enough. One must live them in full sympathy with Him who suffered, died, and rose again. One must go through Passiontide with Christ in order to rise with Him; feel the blackness of the Agony and Death to have eyes for the white glory of

the Resurrection; one must have suffered in Lent in order rightly to rejoice at Easter.

Nowhere, possibly, is the full force of this great drama realized more keenly than in a monastic community. Living lives whose every day is colored and influenced by the liturgy, the religious know Lent as a time of penance which on Good Friday reaches its climax in deepest sympathy of sorrow. With the disciples they bury their Jesus and go about the rest of that day and night in the shadow of the Tomb.

The Holy Saturday service progresses its lengthy way with ever more significant promises of the new life soon to burst upon them. At last the Mass begins without organ. Then, as though in sudden surprise, the priest intones the *Gloria in excelsis*, the organ plays, bells ring—Lent is ended; Christ has risen. When, after the Epistle, all join with the priest in the glorious Alleluia song, few eyes are dry. No joy is like to this joy, for in it is the joy of entry into heaven: Innocence of heart and glory after suffering.

Why All This Poverty?

It is difficult to predict what writers of history a hundred years from now will say about us and our present day. Undoubtedly, since much history is being made on both sides of the Atlantic, they will have much to say, and much that will not be complimentary. Among other things, the question will probably be asked, "Why did they permit that great depression, those terrible hard times for so many millions of people, when the land overflowed with a plenty of everything? How explain lack of food

when there existed no crop failures—rather more than could be consumed? Why poverty for so many in the richest country in the world?" If we could be alive then, these questions would make uncomfortable reading. It would seem that we had bungled our civilization.

Yet, perhaps most of us can console ourselves with the thought that we average citizens cannot be blamed for our destitute conditions. Things were not in our control; we were slaves, more or less, of a system that was wrong. So let us drop the matter for a time and take up the discussion of another kind of hard times from which many, very many, are now suffering, and that through their own fault.

Again it is a case of poverty in the midst of plenty, of starvation where food is abundant and easy to get. More people are suffering from this destitution than those who suffered from our economic collapse beginning with 1929. And it is even sadder and productive of worse results. I refer to mental poverty.

Here indeed is poverty in the midst of plenty; here is widespread ignorance where mental food is abundant and easy to get.

Immediately, no doubt, many will rise up to challenge this statement. They will point to our cities and rural sections equipped with all that is costly in educational advantages. Catholics, too, will show how, through great sacrifice, they are providing for their children school facilities such as former generations never knew.

All right. We may grant all this. Then let us enter different groups, chosen at random, and listen to the conversation which the average group is carrying on. Let us, as far as possible, enter into the mind of the average person and scan his usual course of thought. What do we find? Any depth? Any serious thought? Anything constructive? Anything beyond trivialities and the immediate wants of the flesh?

Let us then ask ourselves: What do I usually talk about? Think about? Desire? If we are honest in this examination, we may suddenly discover that we are really missing a large part of the better, the nobler, hence, the most satisfying part of the life. It would take a deal of argument and more space than is here permitted to convince most people that this is true; that an appreciation of the good, the

true, the beautiful—which is art — is possible to all of us; that to know God and to interpret all things in the light of His Providence is necessary for real education and full living; finally, that Catholics in large numbers are woefully ignorant as to the most important thing in all the world, their religion!

What is the cause of this poverty? No doubt, one very deciding cause is to be found in the kind of reading people do. Here indeed is want in the midst of plenty. On all sides we are offered solid and instructive reading, the kind our forefathers would have delighted in having, and we see people casting aside this wholesome mental food for mere rubbish. Go into the average home and you will see them reading the newspapers—comic and sport sections preferred—and perhaps some light fiction magazine (with lots of "swell" pictures); nothing more.

How sad to see those minds, created by the good God with a sublime capacity for the better things, endowed with a power of appreciation that only needs to be cultivated by habits of good reading, yet starved on a diet of mere husks! How narrow must be their horizon, how almost animal-like their range of interests, how undernourished they are for sustaining the battle of life! And if Catholics only realized their limited amount of knowledge in the beautiful religion which is theirs, they would hasten to read and be informed.

It has been the purpose of THE GRAIL from its very beginning to act in the capacity of instructor and guide; to serve up in an attractive manner choice portions of instruction and edification to its readers. That this course has been appreciated by many we have no doubt. Yet many more would be glad to receive and read THE GRAIL if they could afford the price of subscribing.

The publishers have long considered this point and have long desired to place THE GRAIL in the hands of as many as possible. By now they have finally seen their way clear towards accomplishing this desirable end. By a program of strict economy and with the hope held out to them that friends of THE GRAIL will work ever harder towards increasing the number of its readers, the publishers have decided so to lower the rate of subscription that scarce-

(Continued on page 362)

Rainbow's End

CHAPTER XVIII—THE KIDNAPPERS

"GOSH! I wish this bloomin' rain would stop!" growled a voice. Its owner stood at a small window, gazing out with a scowl. The window was one of two set into the side of a rude shack made of rough, unplanned boards, and buried in a deep wood. It had rained for three days without stopping, and the temper of the occupants was anything but sweet.

"How long are ye goin' to keep us buried here?" asked the first speaker of another man, who seemed to be the chief, or ringleader.

"Just keep yer shirt on, mug, and don't worry. I'll let ye know when we make a move. We've got plenty of time. No use sloshin' around in all this mud. The car'd only get stuck in the gumbo. Besides, I gotta think out some other way o' gettin' that money."

"How long you gonna keep the dame, chief?"

"Till I'm through wid her, dumb-bell."

"Say, let's have a game o' cards or checkers or somethin', fellas," now cried another man, the third of the party. "My nerves is gittin' on the raw hangin' around here doin' nothin'."

"Youse two c'n play," said the chief. "I'm gonna lay down on the cot and think me out a plan. Gimme a cigarette, Slim."

"Say, why don't you buy some yourself once in awhile? Jest because I laid in a stock before we come here, ain't no sign I gotta keep youse two in smokes."

"Shut up and gimme one if ye know what's good fer ye. Ye want to cash in on the dough when we git it, don't ye?"

"Oh, all right!" disgustedly. "But when I run out, somebody else is gonna buy some, that's all I gotta say." The man named "chief" now laid his lanky frame on a creaking cot, and because his legs were too long, he hunched up his knees and placed his mud-caked shoes flat on the folded gray blanket that served as a sheet. The two other men now drew up their chairs before an old-fashioned marble-top center table of the vintage of '85 or thereabouts, and began a game of poker. They played in silence for a while, and then the one called Slim

threw down his hand in disgust, and looked up at the ceiling, where the never-ceasing tap, tap of the rain drummed an endless tattoo. Savagely he trust his hands into his pockets and exclaimed:

"Rats! If this confounded rain don't soon stop, I'll go nuts!"

"What's eatin' you?" asked the chief. "Ain't you livin' soft, plenty to eat, nothin' to do but sit around? Some guys are never satisfied!"

"Hm, suits me fine!" put in Spotty, the third man. "Beats clerkin' or bricklayin' or any other o' them elbow-grease jobs."

Here the door opened and an old woman entered from an adjoining room. She was shabbily dressed in faded blue calico, with a well-worn knitted shawl about her shoulders and her gray hair hanging in wisps.

"Well, what do *you* want?" asked the chief rather ungently.

"The lady says she's hungry. Shall I make her something' and untie her and let her eat?"

"Go 'head, make her somethin', but don't untie nothin' but her mouth. You feed 'er, hear?"

"Yes sir. It's all right to make a little fire, ain't it? It's kinda chilly in there what with all this rain."

"O. K.! Make a fire. Aain't been a soul passed down the road these three days, and don't expect there will be as long as it rains." The old woman left the room and the chief asked for another cigarette; it was grudgingly given. The chief now sat up and smoked with his head in his hands, his elbows on his knees, deep in thought. Suddenly he stood up; the other two were on the alert at once. But he only walked into the next room, which served as a kitchen, and closed the door behind him. The old woman was busy frying some chops and potatoes, and a coffee pot sang on the burner of an oil stove. The other occupant of the room, a young girl, was securely tied with ropes to a chair, and gagged. The chief, whose nickname was "Red," advanced and untied the cloth about her mouth. Then he took a chair and sat down opposite her.

"I want to ask you a few questions, lady." The girl did not reply; just kept her reproachful brown eyes fixed upon his face. "Where's the rest of your money?" The girl eyed him for a moment, then closed her eyes and turned her head away.

"Oh, now don't get like that, lady, or you might get hurt. If you know what's good for you, you'll answer my question." She turned her head toward him again.

"You have \$25,000. Isn't that enough?"

"Oh, I ain't told ye, have I, sweetheart? They wouldn't give it to me. Naw; they got suspicious. Said you would have to come along with me. But I'm not goin' back there any more. They might be on the watch. Now maybe you'll tell me where you got the rest of it stashed."

"It's invested," she replied shortly.

"In what?"

"That I cannot disclose."

"Oh, ye can't eh? Well, there's lots of ways to make you talk. Who's yer closest relatives?"

"I haven't any. They're all dead."

"Is there anyone that could get the money if you wrote to 'em?"

"No one. I never took anyone into my confidence about the disposal of my money."

"There's absolutely no one you could write to?"

"No."

"I see. Maybe yer lyin,' but anyway you've got a lot of nerve. I like girls with nerve, but this time it ain't goin' to do you any good, see? Because we ain't goin' to let ye go unless we get at least \$50,000. So you might just as well make up your mind to tell me and get it over with."

"Oh, please, whoever you are, I don't want that money for my own use. I'm keeping it to use for the sick. I'm going to start a hospital for cripples. You wouldn't want to steal it from them, would you?"

"Aw, none of that sob stuff now. You can't get me with such a tall story. Folks with a million don't give it away to others. You can't tell me. Maybe they'll give a couple of thousand or so, but the rest they keeps for themselves and has a good time on it."

"But I'm telling you the absolute truth. I don't want a 'good time on the money,' as you put it. My good time will be helping others."

"Fine! O. K., baby. If that's the case, maybe I been using the wrong tack all along. Say, do you know who I am?"

"No sir, I do not."

"Well, I'll tell you, if you'll promise not to let it out. I'm John Tranon, Mrs. Berenice Tranon's nephew, and she cut me off in her will, and that ain't just, is it?" Myra, for it was she, now sat up very straight, and her eyes opened wide in surprise.

"Oh, why I didn't know it!"

"Course you didn't! Now, if yer such a charitable person and all, well, they say charity begins at home. I been gypped, see? I'm entitled to some o' that money too, ain't I?"

"Well, that's different. Of course you are! Why didn't you tell me at once? It would have saved you all this trouble!" Red now grinned with relief.

"You see, lady, I didn't know you would be so reasonable. I thought I would have to take it away from you."

"But why should Mrs. Tranon have cut you off with a dollar? She was a very good woman. She wouldn't have done it without some good reason, would she?"

"Aw, she never did like me. You know how a woman is sometimes about her husband's folks. They ain't got no use for 'em."

"It's very queer to me. But since you are her nephew, or say you are, I suppose you can give proofs of your identity."

"What d'ye mean, proofs?"

"Well, papers, showing who you are. Your birth certificate, or your parents' marriage certificate, or something like that. Or perhaps they are still alive?"

"Naw, they're dead, and I don't know what become o' the papers."

"Well, if you knew in what city you were born, you could get the record there."

"Naw sir! The police would be on my heels in a minute. I ain't takin' any chances. You'll have to take my word for it."

"Well, I want to be perfectly just toward you, but you can readily understand that to have a large sum of money transferred to you, I must have proof that you are really John Tranon."

"Why do you have to? If I wasn't John Tranon, how would I know that my aunt left you a million? The lawyer sent me a notice to come to the readin' of the will, and I couldn't come,

so I wrote back askin' how much she left, and he gave me all the information."

"Yes, that's true, too. Then why didn't you come forward and institute proceedings to break the will?"

"That's none of your business why I didn't. I knew a better way." Myra now dimly remembered Mrs. Tranon once mentioning that she had a nephew who had several times gotten into trouble with the police. So that was the reason! He was afraid the police would pounce upon him, because he was wanted for some offense!

"You might untie me, now that you know how I feel. I won't run away. This is very uncomfortable indeed. All my bones ache."

"How do I know you won't run away? Naw sir. I ain't takin' any chances with you. But the sooner you tell me how to get that money, the sooner you c'n go home."

"If I promise to send you the money as soon as I reach home, will you release me? I'll give you more than \$50,000. I'll make it \$100,000."

"Hm, I'm thinkin', I ought to get at least half, bein' I'm a relative and you're not. Make it \$500,000 and we'll call it square."

"Well, I don't know. I'll have to think it over. If Mrs. Tranon wanted you to have it, she would have given it to you. I—"

"You ain't goin' to think nothin' over. What's right is right. She was prejudiced against me, that's all. You want to do what's right don't you?"

"I do, most certainly. But such a large amount would cripple the work I intend doing with the money."

"Aw, fiddlesticks! Don't try to get me to believe that twaddle! Yer a good-lookin' girl, and you c'n have a grand time on \$500,000, and I intend havin' a grand time on mine. I had it hard all my life. Why should you have it easy—you, a stranger, on my aunt's money? What did you ever do for her? How did she come to will it all to you?"

"Because I took her in and gave her a home when she had nowhere to go. That was before she had anything. She was penniless when she came to me, didn't even know her husband had those oil stocks."

"Oh! Oil stocks, was it? Lok here, Aunt Jinny," as the woman placed the food on the

table, "you c'n untie her hands so's she c'n eat, but leave her feet tied. Here; I'll drag her over to the table, chair and all. Now; we can talk while you eat."

"You could untie my feet too. I told you I'll not try to run away. I want to get this money thing settled."

"Sorry, lady, but we'll just leave the feet tied if you don't mind. Now, have you got any suggestions to make?"

"About what?"

"About how I'm to get that money."

"If you'll release me, I'll go straight home and write you a check."

"Oh no you don't! In the first place, you ain't gettin' outa our sight, and in the second place, you're givin' me all cash."

"Why, what's wrong with a check?" He gave her a look.

"Don't be dumb, lady, don't be dumb!"

"Well, won't it look just as suspicious if I ask for \$100,000 in cash? People don't usually draw amounts like that unless they have a large payroll or something."

"\$500,000, I said. So it's in a bank, eh?"

"Some of it. And I must ask you to please accept \$100,000. It ought to be plenty if you take care of it right. You can invest it and live on the interest."

"I said \$500,000. You can't take me in on that hospital stuff.. Anyway, what's that to me? My mother was John Tranon's sister, and blood is thicker than water. I won't take a cent less!"

"And what if I should refuse?" said Myra slyly, watching him.

"Then you won't live to enjoy it!" he replied fiercely.

"Oh, very well. \$500,000 it shall be then," she said with a sigh, thinking that she would have to be very economical with the other half of the fortune in order to do what she had in mind. She went on eating and paid no further attention to Red, who sat twirling a key ring and thinking deeply. Suddenly someone turned on the radio in the other room, and a voice blared out: "Height, five feet six, brown eyes, brown hair. She was dressed in a grey crepe dress, tan stockings and black suede pumps, when last seen." Red listened to the end, and then became all activity.

"Come on, everybody, we've got to work fast. Does anyone know where you got that money, lady?"

"I don't think so. I never discussed it with others."

"Then you have to go yourself. Tell me quick. Where do we go?"

"It isn't all in one place. I couldn't get \$500,000 from any one bank. I could get \$250,000 from the bank in Indianapolis."

"Huh, you were smart, weren't you! Well \$250,000 it shall be, then. You can send me the rest later, after all this mix-up has settled down."

Myra rose, glad to have her feet untied from the chair, and feeling confident, now that she heard the radio broadcast, that wherever she went to draw the money, the police would surely be there before her.

"Say! listen, Red," now protested Slim. "You'd beter be careful. Why don't you send the bank a letter, threatenin' to kill the dame if they don't send the money?"

"Naw! We'll just walk in like good citizens drawin' out some savins' and nobody'll suspect a thing. This letter business only stirs up all the bulls. Here, Aunt Jinny, give this lady some o' your clothes. She can't go out in this gray dress; an' give her a cap or somethin' to cover up her hair. And a pair o' your old shoes."

"Hm don't you think it will look queer, to say the least, if I walk into the bank in such clothes? They saw me before in good clothes, remember."

"Shut up! We'll get ye some new duds when we get to Indianapolis. Aunt Jinny, you pack up too. Yer goin' with us. Can't have the police comin' around here questionin' ye."

A half hour later, the '27 Chevvy was plowing through the mud. (To be continued)

Why All This Poverty?

(Continued from page 358)

ly anyone can plead poverty as a valid excuse for not receiving the excellent reading which we hope to continue to supply. An extra page in this number gives a complete announcement to this effect. We look forward eagerly to a speedy, favorable reaction from our readers and friends in our efforts in their behalf.

H. D.

What Are Gregorian Masses?

This question was answered in the November issue of THE GRAIL, which contained a brief history of the origin of the so-called Gregorian Masses. The incident concerning Pope Gregory the Great and the deceased monk Justus gave rise to the custom of having thirty Masses said on thirty consecutive days for the repose of the soul of a deceased person.

Very few pastors of parish churches can undertake to offer up these Gregorian Masses for the reason that they must apply the Sunday Mass for their parishioners. However, priests of religious orders, missionaries, and secular priests who haven't other obligations can more easily fulfill this obligation.

St. Meinrad's Abbey will be glad to take care of all the Gregorian Masses it receives. These Masses may be addressed to the Rt. Rev. Abbot, or simply to St. Meinrad's Abbey, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Jesus: Hour after hour from out the tabernacle I listen for a friend's footfall on the vacant pavement, and hour after hour the silence is unbroken. Will you at least break it? Shall I, your truest Friend, alone be unfriended?

—F. P. Le Buffe, S. J.

This is the Hour

SR. AGNES

Not for the hour to come
I wait and pine;
Not for the hour that's past—
Those are not mine.

But for the hour that's here,
Tender, sweet Face,
God-given hour to me—
Laden with grace.

This is the hour when I
Harvest must make;
Hour to live for, love,
Each step I take.

How can it make me sad?
May be my last.
How can it vex or grieve,
Void of a past?

Ah, I must win Love's smile;
Now is the time.
This is the hour for me—
Hour sublime!

St. Cuthbert

S. M. N.

IN writing a life, it is often best to begin at the end, to tell first of the death—and its after results. It puts things in the right perspective, helps us to judge of them a little more as God saw them. At least this is so of the Saints; it is more than ordinarily true of St. Cuthbert.

To begin then with his death. It is easy to picture that lonely island of Farne where it came to pass. A mere rock, sheer cliff on one side 80 feet high, on the other exposed to the full fury of wind and wave. Grey sky, grey Northern sea, grey mists often veiling the mainland. There were no other inhabitants but the Saint, only the sea-birds made it their home. The eider-ducks nested there, the quaint puffins came in their season. One wonders if then as now the rabbits, black, white and yellow scampered over the grass to their burrows among the rocks and sand. The Saint had dug for himself a tiny cell, its foundations were in the solid rock and a wall of roughly piled up stones surrounded it. All was utterly bare and poor, yet here he found all he wanted: to be alone with God. Prayer had become to him so great a necessity, Heaven and Eternity so near, so real, he could no longer brook the encroachment of things of earth and time.

He had resigned his see as Bishop, had spent his last Christmas on earth in his episcopal church in company with the brethren, but now he felt the end was near. He wanted God only—nothing of earth. He would not even have his beloved Abbot, Herefrid, remain to comfort him. Then there came to him terrible sufferings, a grievous illness aggravated by a painful ulcer, utter lack of all suitable food. For five days he ate nothing but half an onion; he could find no rest or ease.

Worst of all were the assaults of evil spirits who made fierce attacks upon him in his hour of trial. Out at sea a fierce storm raged so that none of the monks could come and minister to him as they longed to do.

But at last it was over, the victory was his. He had fought his last "humble fight for the

Lord" as he called it, and now peace had come. When the sea grew calm and they came to visit him, they found him exhausted and weak in body, but radiant in spirit. At the hands of Abbot Herefrid he joyfully received the last Sacraments. Once more a miracle bore witness to his ever-ready charity. For the aged monk who supported him was suddenly cured of a wasting illness.

Turning to Herefrid, the dying Saint gave his last counsel, so true to the spirit in which he had always taught, "Have peace," he said, "and divine charity ever amongst you."

It was clear, as the hours passed on, that he was absorbed in prayer. At midnight he lifted up his eyes to heaven, held out his hands, and so his soul took flight to God. This was on March 20th, 687.

AND AFTER?

All through his life he had exercised a wonderful charm over his fellow men. They loved him with a love truly extraordinary, but it was only because he loved them with a touch of the divine love he had caught in his nearness to the Master. They came from far distances to see him, they felt he could read their utmost consciences, and none ever left him without receiving comfort, healing and strength. He was to all a friend, a father, and now that he was dead they refused to be parted from him.

At first he was laid to rest amid his brethren at Lindisfarne, and many came to visit his tomb where miracles often rewarded their faith. Then evil days came, the monastery was pillaged by Danes and the monks slaughtered. But the survivors fled, bearing with them the stone coffin of their Saint. For seven years they wandered, carrying him from place to place, till a resting-place was found at Chester-le-Street. In 995 came another Danish invasion, and once more the monks removed his incorrupt body, first to Rixton and finally to Dunholme or Durham, where in the course of time there arose one of the most famous shrines in the Church's history.

First a tiny chapel of boughs, then a permanent stone church, while in 1093 were laid the first stones of the stately minster, only completed in 1242. Wonderful in its setting, wonderful in its stern majesty, the grand old cathedral of Durham towers up above the river Wear which sweeps in a splendid curve around its base, above the red-tiled roofs of the ancient city and the castle which once defended it against all foes.

It would almost seem as if something of the personality of St. Cuthbert hung about the place. The long aisles and lofty arches seem filled with the atmosphere of centuries of prayer. The immense pillars would seem immovable like the staunch faith of the Saint. The chamber for watchers ready to receive criminals fleeing to later sanctuary recalls his universal charity.

HOW HE HAD LIVED

And now we may glance back at the life which led up to that holy death and that multitude of devout friends and clients. It is, as we should expect, a life almost wholly made up of prayer and divine charity. Our first glimpse of him is as a shepherd lad guarding his master's flocks upon the hills by the Tweed and Leader. Night after night he would spend in the starlight, keeping the night-watches in prayer, alone with God.

One night in the year 651, as he prayed thus, a strange thing happened. The dark heavens became filled with a flood of light. He beheld angels descending and again ascending to heaven, bearing the soul of St. Aidan in the form of a globe of fire. This vision became to him the call of God; it was the turning-point of his life. Leaving his flocks, he went to become a monk in the Monastery of Melrose. At the gate of the Abbey he was met by the holy Prior St. Boisil, who exclaimed prophetically, "Behold a servant of the Lord."

Twelve years or more he spent at Melrose growing daily in holiness of life. A contemporary thus describes him: "An angel in look, pure in body, great in counsel, Catholic in faith, most patient in hope and boundless in charity." Here, too, he became an apostle, preaching and teaching the people of Northum-

bria, at times even crossing the Lammermuirs and journeying far to the North.

We can picture him on those long journeys. Starting at dawn from Old Melrose, earlier by 500 years than the more famous Melrose Abbey, he would climb the wooded banks of the Tweed on the bare, red cliffs up on to the glorious stretches of moorland that reach to the misty Cheviots in the North. Thence he would go on foot to the most distant hamlets.

Countless miracles are related of him. He justly earned the title of "Wonder-Worker of Britain." His was the grand and simple faith that wins all, his the confident prayer of a loving child who looks to receive all things from the hand of his Heavenly Father.

At one time we read of how at Pyron he entertained an angel under the guise of a pilgrim. Often he was fed by birds or food was provided miraculously in answer to his prayer.

One of his most famous miracles is the cure of the Abbess Elfid of Whitby by means of his linen girdle. This nun suffered from a terrible illness which had rendered her so helpless that she could not raise herself. She was at the point of death, but on the third day after wearing the girdle sent by St. Cuthbert, she was restored to perfect health.

About the year 670 Cuthbert was sent to Lindisfarne, where for twelve years he ruled as Prior. He there carried on his missionary work, and his miracles became even more famous. He cured the sick and cast out devils. He drew up a rule for the monks of Lindisfarne, which they ever afterwards observed along with the Holy Rule of St. Benedict.

It was about this time that he first began to retire to his solitary island of Farne. What consolations were granted him when he thus obeyed the urging of the Holy Spirit none ever knew. Even amid his labours as Prior he would often spend three or four successive nights in prayer, and now his life was a continual prayer. One thing is certain, he was being prepared for a higher charge before death came. He was to be bishop of Lindisfarne. He had long known that this must be, and with all the humility of a saint he shrank from it, nor could he at first be prevailed upon to accept it. Not until King and Bishop visited him and knelt before him in tears would he yield, and, weeping himself, consent to go with them.

As Bishop he was unwearied in his zeal, visiting the loneliest and wildest parts of his diocese, and gaining more than ever the love of his people. Two years only of life remained, and then the secret call of God brought him for the last time to the lonely cell on Farne Island for the consummation of that long life of prayer and charity, at which, like St. Aidan's, his soul took flight to heaven.

ST. CUTHBERT TODAY

And what of St. Cuthbert today? Among many the desire has arisen that his relics may

once more befittingly honored as of old, and therefore there has been a demand that the secret of his tomb, so faithfully guarded for centuries by the Benedictines, may be divulged, and a search be instituted for his body. The secret is closely kept by three living monks and passed on to other custodians from generation to generation. The Anglican Dean of Durham has given all needful permission for the search, but it has been decided by the General Chapter of Benedictines that the moment has not yet come when his glorious relics may be publicly venerated.

Gandria

MARIE WIDMER

HOW quaint it looks as one approaches it by steamer from near-by Lugano! Weather-beaten stone houses, many centuries old and accomodating several families each, stand side by side along the lake and on the steep hill which forms the immediate background. There is no village street in the accepted sense of the world, but a narrow, cobble-stone path probably claims this distinction, and numerous tiny passages between the dwellings afford access to the different homes. Women, with huge crates on their backs appear and disappear in this labyrinth of alleys. Some are just returning from Lugano where they sold their garden products on the market, others are homeward bound from their vineyards which climb ever so high above the community.

Gandria enjoys one of the most sheltered positions in Switzerland's sunkissed southland and is consequently a bower of exotic blossoms and shrubs, a garden-spot where a minimum of toil is rewarded with a succession of bountiful harvests. Since cows find no abode here the agile goat is much in favor.

A humble little church adorned with some faded frescoes is the centre of interest for the natives. We climbed past it and presently were attracted by a newly painted dwelling. An inscription indicated that it was as old as its neighbors, for it actually dates back to 1542, but has been renovated in 1929. A business card at the entrance announced that one of its

flats was occupied by a lady artist from northern Switzerland and an obliging native girl informed us that the young lady—oh yes, she was only about 23—earned her living at Gandria by selling hand-painted landscapes, as well as films and souvenir post cards in a small studio-shop near the church. We did not meet the youthful artist herself, but encountered others of similar inclinations, busily sketching or painting in various nooks of this gloriously picturesque spot.

Gandria once numbered 500 inhabitants, but on account of its limited opportunities its population has shrunk to 190. However, a home, no matter how old, is always lovingly retained by the same family and its descendants.

Retracing our steps to the main passage we again marveled at the almost fortress-like construction of the houses. There are walls and solid doors everywhere; some leading to living quarters, others, as we were shown, to storage rooms and wine cellars. This unusual style of construction, it appears, was deemed necessary in olden days as a means of defense against landslides after rains, and we later on noticed that new buildings going up along this abruptly rising lakeshore district are also protected by adequate retaining walls.

Let the thought of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament permeate your life and incite you to perform your daily duties faithfully.

The Story of Martha Hanley

KAY MONTAGUE

MARTHA HANLEY pressed her face close to the long blue serge garment that hung in the closet. Her eyes were filled with unshed tears of happiness.

"Soon," she murmured, "soon, my Bridegroom, I come, to serve Thee."

She stood there for a moment, then at a call of "Martha" from downstairs she hurriedly closed the closet door and ran to the head of the stairs.

"Yes, mother," she called.

"Where are you, Martha?"

Her mother appeared at the turn of the stairs. She smiled in sympathy at Martha's look of devotion.

"Oh, there you are. Dreaming again? Two weeks more, Martha, and then you will enter. Are you happy, my dear?"

"Oh, so happy, mother," Martha hugged her. "And, mother, my cup of happiness is overflowing, because you agree with me so wholeheartedly. You don't know how much it means to me to realize that you don't regret my decision."

"Regret it?" Mrs. Hanley drew her daughter closer. "No, Martha, I don't regret it. I thank God, He is giving me the honor of having my daughter become a nun and serve Him."

"I'm so glad, mother. You make me very happy, indeed."

Yes, Martha was happy. In two weeks she was to enter as a novice into the convent life. Always quiet and devoted, the outside world held no allure for her. Her thoughts had always turned to the convent, and after some time spent in prayer and long talks with her Father Confessor, she had decided to enter. Her mother, a good, devout Catholic, was overjoyed. Mr. Hanley had been dead since Martha was five years old.

Martha was eighteen, in the full flowering of her girlhood: tall and slender, with brown hair that glinted with gold threads through it, large blue eyes and the happy countenance attained only by those at peace with themselves and the world.

Mrs. Hanley was white-haired and not as tall as Martha, but they were strikingly alike in face and figure. Of course, the years and hard work had taken their toll of Mrs. Hanley, but mother and daughter bore striking resemblance to each other.

Then came the worst blow of all.

Mrs. Hanley was crossing the street, when an automobile whose driver was blinded by the thick pelting snow and sleet and whose brakes were of no value at all on the icy streets, struck her. The driver stopped and carrying her to the car, drove her to the nearest hospital. The hospital was St. Joseph's.

The surgeons found her name and address on some letters in Mrs. Hanley's handbag and in a few moments a police car came to a stop before the Hanley home and an officer rang the bell.

To the startled Martha he gave the terse message, "Go immediately to St. Joseph's Hospital. There's a woman there with letters in her handbag addressed to Mrs. Mary Hanley." He gave her description.

"Do you recognize her?"

"It's my mother," faltered Martha. "I'll be there as soon as possible."

She leaned against the shut door for a moment and then after a hurried phone call for a cab, Martha was ready to go. In the cab, Martha refused to let her mind dwell on what had happened and what it would probably mean to her.

One week later Martha was talking to her Father Confessor. Tears were running down her face.

"Father Moran, the doctor said that she may go suddenly, and yet she may linger indefinitely."

Father Moran thought for a few minutes.

"I see, Martha. What was wrong with her, did the doctor say?"

"Her spine is paralyzed. She must be waited upon hand and foot. Oh, Father, why did God let that happen?"

"Hush, my child, it is God's Holy Will. He is doing this to try you and make you strong."

"I was to enter the convent, today." Martha spoke slowly. "I was so happy and now, this had to happen."

"My child," Father Moran put his hands on her shoulders and looked straight into her eyes. "Believe me when I tell you that you'll have a greater reward by staying and nursing your mother than if you entered the convent. And, don't forget that when your mother goes to meet her Lord, you'll be able to enter then. Your crown in Heaven will be greater then. Go home and make your mother happy and be resigned to God's Holy Will."

In the days that followed Martha always presented a smiling cheerful face to her mother. Martha quit her old job. Since she could embroider, and crochet lace she decided to work at that. She spent all her time in the sick room, frequently stopping to read aloud to her mother. They had a small radio that she frequently turned on, and Mrs. Hanley's eyes brightened when she heard the music.

Every night before she retired, Martha went to the closet in her old room—she slept in her mother's room now—and looked at the severely plain blue serge gown that hung there. And she always murmured the same prayer.

"God's Will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

Thus the days passed into weeks, the weeks slowly passed into months and one day Martha awoke to the realization that five years had passed. That day Mrs. Hanley died. She went in her sleep. When Martha tried to waken her, she discovered it. And when Martha went to the closet this time, she murmured, "Soon, my Lord, soon I'll come to You."

Two weeks after the funeral Martha sat for a few moments in the parlor. She had her bags packed and in an hour she was to start for the convent. The sound of a car stopping before the house made her look out the window, and to her surprise she saw a man accompanied by a small boy and girl come to the door.

Martha hurried to open it.

"Does Mrs. Hanley live here?" inquired the gentleman.

"Mrs. Hanley died two weeks ago. She was my mother. I'm Martha Hanley. Can I help you?"

The man fumbled in his coat pocket for a moment and then handed her a letter.

"This is from Dick Banner, Mrs. Hanley's brother. He died a month ago, leaving the twins here. His wife died three years before. The letter will explain everything. I'm sorry I have to leave so abruptly but it's absolutely necessary. I had to come here on important business and I brought the children with me."

And with that he was down the steps and had started away in his car before Martha found her voice. Slowly she beckoned the twins into the house and returned to the parlor.

When she had been seated Martha took a good look at the twins. Blonde heads thrown back, both faces so alike were upturned. Two pairs of large blue eyes stared at her. About nine, Martha judged them to be, but yet they might be large for their age. She smiled warmly and instantly the twins grinned back. Martha noticed that the little boy had a front tooth missing.

Hands tightly clasped, the twins sat on the sofa staring at Martha with wide eyes while she read the letter. It explained everything and was written to Mrs. Hanley.

Dick Banner when twenty had gone West, having been seized with wanderlust. He had traveled far, and then one day meeting a lovely young girl in a small lumber town had fallen in love with her, married her, and had settled down there.

The twins had arrived; when they were five, the young mother had died of pneumonia, leaving her husband to care for the children. He had tried hard to raise them, but daily he was aware that they missed and needed a mother's love and care.

Then a month ago, he had been cutting a tree and it had fallen on him. He had lingered in pain just long enough to write the letter and get a friend who was leaving for the East to promise to take the twins to his sister; then his crushed and broken back had killed him.

Martha's heart slowly turned cold as she read the letter. There was one sentence there that thundered over and over in her brain.

"Mary's, for God's sake and for Betty's, who couldn't live to raise her children, take them, raise them. And please, Mary, don't send them to an orphanage. *Whatever sacrifice you*

have to make, keep them with you, and give them a mother's love and care."

Whatever sacrifice! Martha shivered. She knew that once again she would have to put aside all thoughts of self. The door opened and Father Moran walked into the room.

"The door was unlatched and I walked right in. Why, what's this?" he broke off as the twins stood up and curtsied, saying, "Good morning, Father."

"God bless you," he said, and looked to Martha for an explanation. For reply she handed him the letter. He read it. Martha waited.

Finally Father Moran looked up. There was a question in his eyes. Martha read it and answered it.

"Could I refuse? Whatever sacrifice!"

"My child, you don't know how happy you've made me to see you facing these trials and overcoming them. God will give you strength if you will rely on Him. And what are the twins named?"

Martha was on her knees before them.

"I'm your Aunt Martha. What are your names?"

"I'm Dicky and she's Betty," announced the little boy. They had been frightened somewhat by the strange surroundings, and they weren't quite ready to surrender all to this new aunt.

"Thank you, Dicky and Betty. I'd like to kiss you both. Would you let me?"

And now the twins did surrender. They put their arms around her neck, and were kissing her. She dimly heard Father Moran's voice as if coming from a distance:

"I'll leave you now, Martha. I'll be back tomorrow to really meet the children and settle everything."

At the door he turned for a last glimpse. Martha's face was alight with joy as she knelt there, arms around the twins.

"Let's make some candy and then go up town and buy you some new clothes."

Father Moran's soft "Good-bye" was absolutely drowned in the shouts of glee from the twins.

So for the second time Martha put away the thought of the cloister and became a mother to Betty and Dicky. Day by day their love for her increased. They were thoughtful and considerate; Martha never had to reprove them.

The years flew by quickly, and before Martha thought about it they were grown up.

But, while Dick was happy going around with others, and having a good time in a harmless way, Betty was quieter and preferred to stay home. Martha was just becoming worried when Betty one day asked her consent to go into the convent.

Stunned for a moment, Martha burst into tears. At first Betty thought she was going to withhold her consent and began pleading. Then, taking the young girl's hands into hers, Martha told her of her own hopes that twice had to be put aside and had been never fulfilled.

Her own desire made Betty understand what the older woman had suffered, and her eyes were filled with unshed tears.

"Oh, Aunt Martha," she exclaimed. "I'm so glad you approve. And do you mind if I enter soon?"

"No, indeed, Betty. And I don't know who will be more glad, you or I."

When Betty took the veil, Martha was there to see it, and Dick was at her side. Perhaps it was the remembrance of her own frustrated hopes that caused her tears, but her heart was full of joy.

But, after Betty's absence, Martha was lonely. Dick was out all day working, and went out frequently at night. The days passed and Martha just seemed to be waiting, for something she knew not what.

Father Moran who called often to see her, understood. Martha's work was done and she was now waiting for the Lord to send the third call, and this time nothing would keep her from answering it.

One day Martha had a heart attack. The doctor shook his head when questioned.

"Just a couple of days. Five at the most. Her heart just seems to be worn out."

Father Moran sent for Betty who was now Sister Ignatius. She arrived in a day. Father Moran had presented the facts of the case to the Bishop and Sister Ignatius had been granted leave to be at her aunt's deathbed.

Martha opened her eyes. There was Dick, tall, blonde, but there was no smile on his face, only grief and worry. There was white-haired Father Moran, who had been such a steadfast

friend and help during all her trials. Her eyes widened. Who was that advancing toward the bed? That tall, stately, sweet-faced nun. Her mind wandered back to Betty's reception into the convent. Betty, Sister Ignatius. Martha smiled.

Then a weight came upon her. She put up one hand. It brushed against rough blue serge. The hand kept stroking. Martha stared straight ahead.

A look of surprise flashed across her face. Surprise and joyous welcome. She spoke, and

her voice sounded young again, clear as a bell. Joyously it rang out:

"My Bridegroom! At last I come to You!"

Martha's eyes were closed, her hand was stroking slower and slower. Then it stopped. There was no movement in the hand now.

Father Moran, Dick and Sister Ignatius were kneeling in prayer. They knew that a Presence had been in the room and had taken Martha Hanley away with Him.

Martha Hanley had answered the third call of her Bridegroom.

Reconstruction in the Light of Catholic Principles

CYRIL HAVEL

THAT there is an agreement and even a close parallelism between the main principles of the N. R. A. and those of Catholic social teaching as set forth in the Encyclicals of Popes Leo XIII and Pius XI, is quite apparent to those who have read extensively on these subjects, but this congruity is not immediately evident to those who have read only little. I say that the principles of the N. R. A. agree with those of Catholic social teaching, but this agreement seems to point to a direct influence of the latter upon the authors of the N. R. A. However, one cannot make a positive assertion on this point, because of the difficulty of knowing what goes on in the minds of others. But whether the principles of the N. R. A. were arrived at through sound reasoning alone or through the direct influence of Papal teaching, there is, nevertheless, a close agreement between the two sets of principles, and it is my purpose to point out this agreement.

Everyone knows that the N. R. A. is an effort on the part of our government to overcome the evils of the present economic crisis in this country, an effort "to pull the country out of the slough of economic decay and demoralization," but perhaps only a few realize that this act is also a protection for the laboring man and also for "those sacred rights which proceed from his dignity as a man, and as a Christian."

But may the N. R. A. be called "Reconstruction," as some hold it to be? In the wider sense of the word, the N. R. A. may be considered as "Reconstruction," though in the strict sense it cannot. But here we will stick to the generally accepted sense of the term, and will call the N. R. A. "Reconstruction." Just as we call a certain medicine a cure for a certain sickness, whereas the medicine is only a means by which the cure is effected, so also shall we call the N. R. A. "Reconstruction," though it is really only a measure by which the economic and social order of the country is to be reconstructed.

The final goal of the National Recovery Act is the ending of the depression. This goal is to be attained by means of policies which are to be carried out in accordance with certain principles. It is in these principles as well as in the policies themselves that there is the agreement, wholly or in part, with Catholic social teaching.

One of these policies which our government intends to carry out through the N. R. A. is "to provide for the general welfare by promoting the organization of industry for the purpose of co-operative action among trade groups." When we analyze this policy, we find that it is in accord with Papal teaching, for both Pope Leo XIII, in his Encyclical "Rerum Novarum," and Pope Pius XI, in his Encyclical "Quadragesimo Anno," emphasize by continual

repetition the point that the government is to act for the "common good" and that industry is for the "common" and "general welfare," not for a few select ones of the wealthy class alone. That Catholic social teaching favors "the organization of industry" may be seen from these words from the Encyclical "Quadragesimo Anno" of Pope Pius as quoted by Wilfrid Parsons, S. J.—"those who practice the same trade or profession, economic or otherwise, [will] combine into vocational groups."

When we think of what the policy of Congress "to induce and maintain united action of labor and management under adequate governmental sanctions and supervision" means, we find that the principles underlying it are in conformity with many Catholic social principles. The Holy Father says that workmen and employers should form unions and societies, for "unless... brains, capital and labor combine together for common effort, man's toil cannot produce fruit." Over forty years ago Pope Leo XIII said that "Capital cannot do without Labor, nor Labor without Capital." This statement is true, for the one supplies the needs of the other. Labor does the work, Capital supplies the means—money, implements, machinery—by which Labor does the work required; Labor cannot work without something to work with, Capital can accomplish nothing if the means of production stands idle.

Pope Pius also says that it is a natural right of man to form unions, for these are necessary means to a necessary end. Ever since the beginning of the human race, men have lived together and formed unions, whether the object of such unions was protection for each other or more effective labor.

By the fostering of the union of "labor and management," the government recognizes, perhaps unwittingly, another principle of very great importance, which the Holy Father advocates as an efficacious means of the individual's gaining his rights—namely, the principle of collective bargaining. This principle allows the laborers to bargain, through a representative or representatives, with their employers concerning the wages and the hours of labor.

Furthermore, the government's provision for "sanctions" and "supervision" of unions of of "labor and management" is approved

of by Rev. R. A. McGowan, who says, briefly quoting Pope Pius XI, that "the principle of entrusting to lesser organizations than government the actual administration of economic life under a government, 'directing, watching, stimulating and restraining' is right."

The government, by its action "to eliminate unfair competitive practices," has thrown overboard the *lassaiz-faire* policy of the past. It has finally realized that Pope Pius XI was stating the truth when he said that "free competition is dead; economic dictatorship has taken its place." The Holy Father is not averse to free competition as such, but it is the unbridled type of free competition upon which he looks with disfavor. And not only the Pope condemns it, but also any person with a little common sense, when he considers the wreckage which "cut-throat" competition and greed have caused in the economic and social structure of the whole world. This unbridled or "cut-throat" type of competition of the past has tended toward the monopolizing of production in the various fields of industry with very bad results. These results practically everyone knows, perhaps through actual experience—the concentrating of ninety-five per cent of the wealth in the hands of about five per cent of the people; starvation in the midst of abundance, with the consequent dissatisfaction among the "hard-up" classes; unemployment; the fierce battle for the control of the State among those who have acquired immense power along with great wealth. To overcome these evils the government, as I have said before, has literally "junked" the old policy of non-interference by expressly authorizing governmental interference, in section 7 (c) of the N. R. A. Code. This policy of governmental interference is wholly in accord with the teaching of Pope Pius, who says that the government should direct, watch and restrain.

The government's policy "to increase the consumption of industrial and agricultural products by increasing the purchasing power" is not in itself so much in conformity with Catholic social principles as are the principles which underly it and the means used for its attainment. The purchasing power is to be increased by an increase in wages wherever possible and by a reduction of the hours of labor. This increase in wages is apparently an approach to

the living and saving wage advocated by Popes Leo and Pius, who define a living wage as a wage which will enable the wage earner to support himself and his dependents with some degree of comfort, and a saving wage as a wage which will enable the thrifty laborer to put aside a small amount as a so-called "nest-egg" for use in case of accident, sickness or old age. This saving wage will enable the wage earner to acquire some private property, the acquisition of which Pope Leo sets down as a natural right of man.

The reduction of working hours will lighten the labor of each individual and will allow more people to work, a principle advocated by the Holy Father when he said that everyone who is willing to work should be given a chance to work, for labor is the lot of man as a result of the Fall of Adam, when God said to him: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

"To induce and relieve unemployment" is a policy the principles and methods of which overlap somewhat those of the policy treated in the two immediately preceding paragraphs, but this overlapping of principles tends to emphasize their importance. Here again the government makes use of a shortening of hours to make room for thousands of willing but unfortunate workers. For, due to the tremendous productive power of modern machinery, very few men are needed by the producers. But still this does not make it morally right for these employers to deny work and hence also a decent living to all those not needed in their occupation. Everything on this earth exists for man, not for a privileged few alone, but for man as a whole. This policy is an attempt on the part of our government to remedy the situation. To further help the situation the government has put into effect a program of public works and is helping various communities to defray the expenses of municipal improvements, thus creating employment for thousands more who have not yet been taken care of in the reduction of hours.

Other ends or policies to be fulfilled by the N. R. A. have been briefly mentioned by Professor Horace A. Frommelt, of Marquette University, as "abolition of child labor, establishment of a minimum wage, and the regulation of working conditions, to say nothing of the

recognition of the principle of collective bargaining."

The first of Professor Frommelt's ends for recovery, "the abolition of child labor," is wholly in accord with Pope Leo's teaching that factory labor is not suited for children because they are neither sufficiently developed physically for the heavy labor, nor mentally for the rough and sometimes immoral surroundings which often kill the bud of virtue about to bloom, in much the same manner as a cold north wind kills a budding flower in early spring. However, Pope Leo also concerns himself with the welfare of woman when he says that woman is by her very nature fitted for work in the home rather than for the exhaustive labor suited only for men, whereas this policy of abolishing child labor seems to do nothing as regards the work of women outside the home.

The "establishment of a minimum wage" by the government for all the various fields of industry, although the authors of the N. R. A. may, perhaps, not have been cognizant of the fact at the time, is a great step towards, and in some cases actually is, the living and saving wage which Popes Leo XIII and Pius XI defined in their Encyclicals and which I have attempted to explain in one of the foregoing paragraphs. This establishment of the minimum wage makes it practically impossible for employers to pay their laborers "starvation wages."

The policy for the "regulation of working conditions" is in closer agreement with Catholic social teachings than one would suspect upon giving it only a cursory glance. Upon analyzing it we find that there are many principles implied in it and underlying it which agree with Papal teaching. Let me, before I go any farther, quote Rev. R. A. McGowan on this point. He says, quoting the present Holy Father, "Modern social legislation to protect 'those sacred rights which proceed from his [the workingman's] dignity as a man, and as a Christian' on 'the soul, the health, the strength, the housing, workshops, wages, dangerous employment, in a word, all that concerns the wage-earners, with particular regard to women and children' is 'strongly suggestive' of Leo XIII's *Condition of Labor*, even if not always in total agreement with it."

Now, let us see just what this "regulation of working conditions" implies, as far as the N. R. A. is concerned. We find that the N. R. A. shortens the working hours of each individual and establishes a minimum wage. But of what use is this legislation? It will tend to obviate strikes, which occur because the hours of labor are so long and the work itself so difficult as to tax the strength and endurance of the workers and because the wage earners consider their wages too small, by allowing time for the recovery of strength and by lightening the work of each individual through the shortening of the working hours, and by giving the laborer enough to live on through the establishment of the minimum wage.

Now, the Pope says that the laborer must have time in which he can recover his strength. Common sense tells us this, too, and that it is necessary both for the laborer's own sake and for that of his employer. The laborer must have time in which to regain strength, for his own good, first of all, because no man can have health of mind or body unless the tissues which are worn out by work be restored; and for the good of the employer, because a man who is tired, weak, and unhealthy cannot perform efficiently. The Pope also says that the labor should not be above the strength of the worker, and insists that every wage earner get a just wage, a wage which will be sufficient to support himself and his dependents with some degree of comfort.

Since I have already treated of the "principle of collective bargaining" in the paragraphs dealing with the union of labor and management under the supervision of the government, I will not make a repetition of what I think has been sufficiently explained for the purpose of this article.

The government also plans "to get employers to co-ordinate their supply with the demand" by increasing the wages, thereby increasing the demand. However, there is not much in this policy which agrees with Catholic principles, except that, by increasing the wages, the government sets wages close to or even above the standard advocated by Popes Leo and Pius—namely, the "just" or "living wage."

There is one other principle which it may be well to mention, although it is quite inclusive of some of the others. When we look at this prin-

ciple, "to increase wages and reduce hours so as to increase buying power and spread work," we see that the increase in wages is an approach to the living and saving wage, as was explained in another paragraph; that the reduction of the working hours will give more people work in accordance with the Papal statement that all who are willing to work should be given a chance to work, which also has been explained; that the spreading of work will result from the reduction of hours.

Before bringing this essay to a close, I must mention one more item of comparison between the principles of the N. R. A. and those of Catholic social teaching. I said "comparison," but it is not proper to do so, for this "item of comparison," as I have called it, is really one of contrast, because it is one of the essential differences between the N. R. A. and Catholic social principles. This difference consists in permanence. This National Recovery Act is not a permanent one. It is only a means by which the social and economic structure of this country is to be lifted up and put upon a new foundation, and it will be discarded when there is no further need, just as a jack screw is put aside after the house has been raised and a new foundation laid under it. But Catholic social teachings will not be discarded. They are permanent; they embody the natural rights of man which have existed since the beginning of man and will continue to exist as long as man does, for human nature remains essentially the same in spite of the changing conditions of time and place.

If the N. R. A. program is carried out to the extent expected, very important results will follow: the friction between classes, which the Pope says the State should remove, will be abolished, and all men will be as brothers again; wealth will be more equitably distributed, as a result of the minimum wage and re-employment—a result which the Holy Father holds must take place before the social and economic equilibrium can be restored.

Although the National Recovery Act is not perfect, still it is a beginning in the right direction. The government has awakened to its duty to the common people and seems to have gone to work in accordance with the principles of Social Justice as embodied in the Papal teachings.

The Servant of God, Mother Francis Xavier Cabrini

CECILIA MARY YOUNG

TO do the impossible for God was the motto of the great Italian woman who founded the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart from which four hundred houses were founded in all parts of the world in less than forty years.

When a child, Mary Frances Cabrini conquered a terrible shyness and fear of people and all her life she conquered innumerable dangers, problems and crises, and when she died in 1917 she left not only a tender and affectionate memory with every one who had ever come in contact with her but she has left a legacy of miracles as part of her memory.

A baby in a hospital who had had an overdose of nitrate of silver applied to his eyes when newly born was blinded and so badly burned on the face that he developed pneumonia. When it was discovered that a 50 percent solution, instead of a one percent, had been used to bathe the newly born infant's eyes, the doctors said that no human power could make the babe see again. The Mother Superior had a relic of Mother Cabrini applied to the burned and swollen eyes, and she and several sisters and nurses prayed long hours in the chapel to the Sacred Heart, asking that through the intercession of the Servant of God the poor little baby might be cured.

When the doctors came in the morning, the swelling had gone down, the blistered skin was healed—and the eyes were cured. But the baby had suffered so much that the poor little thing developed a terrible fever, the temperature mounting to the top of the thermometer, and the doctors discovered that the baby's left lung was badly affected.

Again the relic of Mother Cabrini was applied and the prayers redoubled. The accident to the eyes had occurred a few hours after the birth of this baby, March 14, 1921; the next day, March 15th, the doctors pronounced that the eyes were cured and on the 16th lungs had

cleared up; there was no longer any fever. The doctors acknowledged that no human power had saved that child, Peter Smith. Doctor Horan, one of the specialists who had attended the baby wrote: "This is a miracle because the burns on the face and on the eyes would have disfigured the child for life and caused total blindness."

At the recent inquiry into the heroic virtues and life and miracles of Mother Cabrini held in Chicago the fall of 1933, this baby, Peter Smith, now a grown lad of twelve, was brought from his home in New York City to be examined by eye-specialists. His eyesight and health were pronounced perfect.

To this same Inquiry came another who had been miraculously cured through the intercession of Mother Cabrini, a nun of the Order founded by Mother Cabrini, The Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. This witness, coming from the extreme west coast of the United States, which was an interesting detail by itself, had been cured of an intestinal malady which had left the sufferer in a dying condition. Last Sacraments had been administered and the community as a last resort completed a triduum in which the intercession of their Foundress was besought. They then made a novena in honor of Mother Cabrini and Sister Delfina was cured and brought her X-ray pictures to attest her miraculous recovery.

This Servant of God who is accomplishing wonders through the mercy of God every day, was born in northern Italy in a little town in Lombardy called Sant' Angelo, just eighty-four years ago, July 15, 1850. She came of a very pious and devout Catholic family. Delicate and frail in health, Mary Frances Cabrini had been refused several times when she had spoken of forsaking the world and leading the religious life.

Her father confessor, Father Serrati, did not think the girl was strong enough to stand the

discipline of convent life, but when he had seen some of the discipline Signorina Cabrini secured out of chaos, when he sent her to help on an orphanage established by a group of laywomen in his parish, the priest soon changed his mind.

The young girl had long cherished a dream to go to China to convert the pagans; so "Found a Missionary Order for Sisters," counseled the priest.

Thus the name and later the missions among her own people, the Italians in foreign lands, for Mary Frances Cabrini, like her patron saint Francis Xavier, never realized her dream to go to China.

The first foundation was for the education of young girls, for religion was severely oppressed at that time in Italy and schools where religion was taught were not encouraged by the antagonistic government of Italy. This condition was the beginning of the loss of faith among the Italian people. American Catholics often wonder about the poorly instructed Italians; but how could they know anything but the forms of their religion and not practice it more as a superstition (as they are so often accused) when all instruction was taken out of their schools and even from the pulpits?

Mary Frances Cabrini was to be a missionary among her own people, leading them out of the wilderness of oppression and ignorance and

bringing their souls once more into the promised land of regeneration.

The growth of the "Institute" was miraculous. Here is a simple explanation. As early as the year 1880, Mother Cabrini urged the necessity of *Daily Communion*—Sisters and pupils alike.

Soon after the approval of the Institute by the Sacred Congregation, Bishop Scalabrin of Puncenza, who had inaugurated a Mission for Italian emigrants to New York after visiting a hospital Mother Cabrini had founded in Lombardy, suggested that she go to America and carry on her work in New York City. "New York is too small for me," she had replied; for her ambition was to establish missions all over the world.

And well nigh over the whole civilized globe did this energetic Italian woman travel—with her zeal; for she herself went from one country to another establishing orphanages, hospitals and schools for the Italian emigrant whom Pope Leo XIII entrusted to Mother Cabrini's keeping: "Not to the East but to the West is your mission" he had told her.

She died in the hospital which she had founded December 22, 1917, barely seventeen years ago, and the first steps of her Cause having progressed so favorably, she is likely soon at least so it is hoped, to be declared Venerable and then a Saint and will be the first naturalized American to be declared a saint.

Familiar Names Among Benedictine Saints

Apr. 5—St. Gerald was born in France and entered the abbey of Corbie. He was freed from incessant headaches by praying to St. Adalard. Together with some pious noblemen he founded a monastery at Poitiers, became its abbot, and died in 1095. He was canonized in 1187.

Bl. Andrew was the brother of St. Bernard and followed him in his holy life. He died some time in the twelfth century.

Apr. 7—St. Albert first became a hermit in Hainault and practised great mortifications, such as dispensing with fire in winter and eating uncooked food. He later became a monk at Crespín, but returned after some years to his hermitage where he died at the age of eighty years in 1140.

Apr. 8—St. Walter was made abbot of St. Martin at Pontoise in France. In his humility he was fearful of his responsibilities and sought to efface himself as much as possible. He exercised considerable influence

in the Church of France, foretold his death, and died on Good Friday in the year 1099.

Apr. 13—Ven. Ida was born of wealthy parents at Louvain and was favored with visions at an early age. She entered the Cistercian monastery of Rosenthal and there closed her remarkable life in the year 1300 at the age of thirty-two.

Apr. 21—St. Anselm is one of the most celebrated Saints of our Order. He was born in Italy, studied at the renowned abbey of Bec in Normandy and there entered the religious life. His famous writings attracted the attention of the world. As prior of his abbey he made several trips to England, where he was admired so much that the king persuaded him to become Archbishop of Canterbury. During the lifetime of this king William, Anselm had much to suffer in defense of the rights of the Church. Yet when it was proposed to excommunicate the king, Anselm protested. He had no less to suffer from William's successor Henry. Dur-

ing all this time he suffered exile several times, but was honored by the Pope and prelates at Rome. He died, lying on sackcloth and ashes, in 1109. By decree of Clement XI in the year 1720 he is honored as a Doctor of the Church.

Apr. 29—St. Robert, first abbot of Molesme in France and founder of the Cistercian Order. Finding difficulties in the abbey of which he was abbot, he took several devout brethren and instituted a manner of life based on the strictest interpretation of the Rule of St. Benedict. Robert died in 1110 in the 86th year of his life.

St. Hugh, after St. Odilo's death, became abbot of the influential abbey of Cluny in France. He was employed by the Pope on several important missions, brought Cluny to unparalleled prosperity during his sixty years of rule, and died in 1109.

Who Wants to be a Health Officer?

DWIGHT ANDERSON



No matter how much the budget is cut, children must not suffer. This little boy is being protected against tuberculosis by having a tuberculin test.

"Those hills are greenest," runs an old saying, "which are farthest away."

When certain educators connected with the Ohio State University recently wished to know more about the type of courses they should be offering prospective health officers, they decided to make an exhaustive investigation to find out just what were the duties of such officials in the state. They found that the number of activities totaled 3,934. Small boys who see a man tacking up smallpox signs and envy his nice job, should take warning.

Indeed, most grown-ups would answer the question of what a health officer does by replying in terms of garbage collection and sewage inspection. Really, these items are least in importance and smallest in number, of the duties. The study in Ohio showed that health officers are busy advising prosecuting attorneys, nurses, dairy and food inspectors, milk plant employees and

Somebody once published a survey of a hundred successful men and found that ninety per cent of them wished they had picked out some other pursuit than the one in which they had attained preeminence. The explanation given by the writer of the article was that these men saw only the interesting phases of the other fellow's pursuit, and knew little of the undesirable factors.

"Those hills are

123 other classes of persons; that they check the records of sanitary inspectors, clinic executives, physicians, milk handlers and 24 other types of persons; that they examine people for 55 different diseases, ailments or defects, make laboratory examinations for 30 diseases, locate cases of 44 diseases, keep records of about 51, and in their spare time fill in with such things as making 14 different kinds of surveys, conducting instruction in 8 types of classes and find time to inform the public by means of speeches, radio talks and motion picture exhibitions on 27 different subjects pertaining to health.

To enumerate all the duties disclosed by this survey would be to labor the point. It must be apparent that the health officer is a busy man. Almost everywhere, throughout the depression, death rates have been going down, because the health officer is generally an able, and tireless worker, who surrounds himself with a capable staff who work at a high state of efficiency despite cuts in salaries. Generally the health officer does not advertise himself very much. The public looks upon his contribution to their welfare as we are all prone to view casually the benefits to which we are accustomed. As a result, the health officer has had difficulty in retaining in his budget money for essential health activities. If more taxpayers were interested enough in the prevention of diseases to inquire just what the community gets for money spent in this way, health departments would never suffer in a period of retrenchment in government expenditures.

May The Month of Mary



During this entire month a devotion to the Blessed Mother will be made by our readers of THE GRAIL. A vigil light will be kept burning continuously—day and night at the beautiful grotto of Lourdes in the crypt of the Abbey Church here at St. Meinrad. During May this grotto is beautifully decorated and especially during this month the religious of the Abbey, students of the Seminary, and large numbers of the laity

gather daily at this shrine to pour forth their prayers.

Readers of THE GRAIL will be glad to have the opportunity to place their petitions before the Blessed Mother at this hallowed spot.

Send us your intentions together with your offering anytime before May 1st or any time during the entire Month—You will thereby take part in this great devotion to Mary.

THE GRAIL

St. Meinrad, Ind.

Notes of Interest

Miscellaneous

—The Catholics of Chile appear to be well supplied with current Catholic literature, for they have twenty-eight Catholic dailies and periodicals besides thirty-five reviews and bulletins that are printed in that republic. When we recall that Chile is a long, narrow strip along the southwestern coast of South America, and that it is only 289,721 square miles in extent (equivalent in size to our state of Texas with nearly half of Louisiana thrown in), we can not help but marvel that so many Catholic publications can be supported there. In our extensive country, on the other hand, our only English Catholic daily has to go begging to eke out its meager existence, whilst a number of the Catholic weeklies are likewise suffering from undernourishment and threaten to collapse at any time. The monthly magazines also have a hard row to hoe.—By way of comparison, take sturdy little Holland with its 12,582 square miles, which is only slightly larger than the state of Maryland, by publishing thirty Catholic dailies puts us to shame. Then there is the little Republic of Switzerland, 15,491 square miles in extent, which is somewhat larger than Holland, with its twenty Catholic dailies and a combined circulation of over 200,000 is another land, considerably smaller than the great majority of our states individually taken, that points the finger of scorn at us. While many of our Catholics are zealous and awake to a sense of duty, a multitude of others merely flow with the stream. A rude awakening may be in store for us one of these days. It is time for us to rise from sleep.

—A class of seventy-two colored converts received baptism in St. Charles Borromeo Church, New York City, early in January. Cardinal Hayes presided at the profession of faith made by the neophytes. Another class is in preparation for baptism.

—Ancient Nazareth in Galilee, where Our Savior was born, no longer needs to scatter the darkness of night with flickering candles or torches, for electric lights now guide the feet of wayfarers through the ancient streets that were hallowed in the long ago by the footprints of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. The river Jordan, in which the Savior was baptized, furnishes the motive power for this illumination.

—A most extraordinary privilege for celebrating an occasional votive Mass in honor of the Blessed Virgin without vestments or sacred vessels or candles has been granted to Jesuits who are held in captivity by Chinese bandits, one since May, 1930; the other, since December, 1931.

—According to census of 1931 there were in Canada about 10,300,000 inhabitants. Of these, 4,285,388, or more than one third was Catholic. Of these latter, 2,849,095, or nearly two thirds, were of French origin. In the United States about one fifth of the population is said to be Catholic.

—The Bronx Nocturnal Society of New York City recently inaugurated a membership drive for 1000 men and boys to spend one hour a month in adoration between the hours of 10 p. m. and 6 a. m. Towards the

end of February there was a membership of 892. The hour is spent in the Church of Our Lady of Mercy.

—During the past two years the Catholic Evidence Guild at Detroit has maintained a Catholic news stand. Several thousand Catholic publications, periodicals, books, and pamphlets have thus been distributed. Besides bringing enlightenment to many, it has been instrumental in making a dozen converts to the faith. This is a field of Catholic Action that might be cultivated by all our larger cities.

—An earthquake is sometimes required, figuratively speaking, to shake people out of their smugness and inactivity. During the past three years drastic measures were used in Spain by the enemies of the Church to rob the people of their Catholic inheritance. The faith, however, was too deeply rooted to be thus rudely torn out. The opposition of the enemies fanned the dormant embers to glowing coals and bright flames with the result that Catholicism is now coming back into its own, the Catholics have awakened to a sense of duty, and the Church is said to have emerged triumphant from the political crisis the country has been passing through. A new and efficient school system has been created, the youth has been organized in all the dioceses; in a word, Catholic Action is everywhere at work, using all legitimate means at hand—the press, the rostrum, the radio, the airplane, and the motion picture to counteract the evil influences that the enemies have put forth. Such energy will bring order out of chaos.

—Numerous Masses were offered up in the United States for the repose of the soul of King Albert of Belgium who met a tragic end on February 17th by falling to his death while mountain climbing. In the autumn of 1919 King Albert and Queen Elizabeth visited the United States. As a young man King Albert was employed for a while on the Great Northern Railroad in this country.

Benedictine

—The Benedictines of St. Ottilien, who have mission fields in South Africa, conduct both a minor and a major seminary at Peramiho for native students. The former has sixty-five students, while in the latter there are four young men pursuing the course in philosophy.

—In October Portuguese Benedictines sailed for Moxiko, in the state of Angola, Southwest Africa, to found a monastery there. The Portuguese government placed a fort at their disposal.

—The Sisters of Charity, to whom St. Bernadette Soubirous belonged, were founded by a saintly Benedictine monk, John Baptist Laveyne (1653-1719). The process of beatification of this servant of God was introduced several years ago.

—Sister Frances, O. S. B., one of the first three native African girls to join the Sisters in South Africa, recently died an edifying death. She was faithful to her holy vows to the end, having spent ten years in religion. As sacristan it was her delight to make the chapel a worthy dwelling place for Jesus in the Mystery of His Love. The natives keep her grave decked with flowers.

—Dom Odo Langdale, O. S. B., a monk of Downside Abbey in England died in mid-January in a hospital at Bath. Dom Odo was born on Oct. 25, 1861; on Dec. 15, 1881, he made his religious profession at Belmont Abbey for Downside. Having finished his studies at Einsiedeln in Switzerland, he was ordained to the priesthood March 20, 1892. After being librarian for a time at Downside, he labored for some years successively in various parishes. During the World War he served as chaplain to the British forces in France and in Germany. Since 1922 he had been parish priest at Bonham. After the International Eucharistic Congress in Montreal Dom Odo visited various abbeys in the United States. St. Meinrad was included in his itinerary.

—In the Abbey of St. Paul's outside the Walls at Rome there died in January Dom Joseph Bernard Acernese, O. S. B., in his seventy-third year. The deceased, who was for many years the official guardian of the Basilica of St. Paul and all its treasures, was an authority on sacred art. Dom Joseph was born July 6, 1861; he was professed as a Benedictine on March 12, 1884. Dec. 18, 1888, was the date of his ordination.

—The Most Rev. Bernard Kevenhoerster, O. S. B., who on Dec. 21st was consecrated Titular Bishop of Camuliana (an extinct diocese in Cappadocia, Asia Minor), was installed Feb. 4th in his cathedral church of St. Francis Xavier as Prefect Apostolic of the Bahama Islands. Cardinal Hayes, who performed a similar ceremony two years ago, was again the installing prelate. Cardinal O'Connell, who has a summer home near Nassau, the seat of the new Prefect Apostolic, was likewise present, as were also the Governor of the Islands and Lady Clifford, his wife, besides other civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries. The colorful ceremonies took place in the open on the grounds surrounding the priory that is connected with the church. It was one of Nature's brilliant, sunny days in mid-summer. The new Bishop was celebrant of the Pontifical High Mass. Cardinal Hayes delivered the principal address. Cardinal O'Connell, who also addressed the congregation, was followed by Bishop Bernard.

—Father Thomas Borgerding, O. S. B., of St. John's Abbey in Minnesota, who spent practically all the years of his priestly life as a missionary among the Indians of northern Minnesota, where he is still active, celebrated at St. John's on Feb. 11 the golden jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood. The jubilarian was born Apr. 6, 1861; was professed July 11, 1879, and was ordained Feb. 10, 1884. Immediately after his ordination he taught dogmatic theology at St. John's Seminary, but soon went to the Indians to devote his life to their spiritual welfare.

—The feast of St. Scholastica, which falls on Feb. 10, is always a day of rejoicing for the Sisters of St. Benedict. This year the feast had a special significance for the Queen of Angels Convent at Mt. Angel, Oregon, for on that day five of the pioneer members of the community celebrated the golden jubilee of their religious profession. On the same occasion three novices

pronounced their vows, and a young lady from Portland received the white veil. The jubilarians were among the first teachers in the parochial schools at Mt. Angel and vicinity.

—Abbot Ansgar Vonier, O. S. B., of Buckfast Abbey in England, received and professed a class of secular Oblates of St. Benedict at Sts. Peter and Edward's Church in London on Feb. 10th.

—Father Damian Cummins, O. S. B., of Conception, Mo., has published under the title of "Catholics in the Early Platte Purchase and in Nodaway County" a fifty-page historical sketch on the beginnings of Catholicity in northwestern Missouri. In Part II, "Catholics in Nodaway County," this booklet tells the story of the coming of the Benedictines from Engelberg, Switzerland, to Nodaway Co.

—"Monastic Life at Mt. Angel," profusely illustrated, is a 64-page booklet that comes from the Oregon Abbey. The booklet opens with a brief sketch of Engelberg, the motherhouse in Switzerland, then follows a descriptive sketch of the foundation west of the Rockies together with the subsequent history of the Abbey. A brief chapter on the Church, another on Monasticism, the Lay Brother, etc., complete the attractive booklet, which may be procured at 25 cents from the "Benedictine Press," Dept. M., Mt. Angel, Oregon.

—The daily Conventual Mass that was begun at Mt. Angel Abbey on Nov. 13, 1882, (the feast of All Saints of the Benedictine Order), has since July 14, 1884, all ways been a High Mass. The fiftieth anniversary of the daily High Mass will occur this coming summer.

—A recent fire that destroyed the piggery at St. Martin's Abbey, Lacey, Wash., made roast pig of fifty-two porkers that were sheltered therein.

—St. Andrew's Priory at Cleveland, Ohio, may soon be raised to the rank of abbey. This community was founded in 1922 by Slovak Benedictines from St. Procopius Abbey at Lisle, Ill. On June 28, 1929, the foundation became a Conventual Priory.

—In 1919 St. Benedict's Abbey at Atchison, Kansas, purchased a former Lutheran college in the south part of the city and converted it into a boarding school for boys in the upper grades of the elementary school. Later on, the two lower classes of the academy were transferred thither from St. Benedict's, making Maur Hill, as the institution is called, a junior high school. With the beginning of the fall term of the coming scholastic year Maur Hill will have a complete high school course. Place has thus been made for an increased number of students at St. Benedict's College. The large attendance in the collegiate department demanded more room for expansion.

—Father Matthew Muething, O. S. B., at one time dean of St. Vincent's College in Pennsylvania, died of paralysis on Jan. 7 at the age of fifty-six. He had been a professed Benedictine since July 11, 1897, and a priest since July 5, 1901. Father Matthew, who had studied under European masters, was a splendid violinist. As director of the college orchestra he had the reputation of never having missed a single rehearsal in thirty-two years.

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KWEERY KORNER

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REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B., Editor, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan.

RULES FOR THE QUESTION BOX

Questions must be placed on a separate sheet of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the question.

Questions of a general and public nature only will be answered; particular cases and questions should be taken to pastor or confessor.

No questions will be answered by mail; special answers cannot be given in this column.

All questions will be answered in the order received.

Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

NOTE: To all the readers of THE GRAIL the Editor of KWEERY KORNER sends his very best wishes for a truly happy Eastertide. May all the blessings of the Newly-Risen Saviour be yours!

What is meant by "The Apostolic Camera?"

The Apostolic Camera is one of the Offices of the Catholic Church. The care and the administration of the property and temporal rights of the Holy See belong to this Office, especially during the periods of vacancy. At the present time Cardinal Gasparri is the Chamberlain of the Holy Roman Church.

Is the form Aurelia merely the feminine of Aurelius and is there a Saint Aurelia?

Whilst in reality Aurelia is the feminine form of Aurelius, there are several Saints with the name Aurelia. It is interesting to note that Pope Pius IX gave to Mother Saint John of the Sisters of Saint Joseph at Carondelet, St. Louis, Mo., the body of Saint Aurelia, Virgin and Martyr, whose feast is observed on May 31st. The body of the Saint rests under the high altar at Carondelet.

Why do prelates wear a ring?

In its use by prelates the ring signifies fidelity and close union with the Church. It is worn on the third finger of the right hand and its use dates back to the sixth century. It is interesting to know that originally this ring was a signet-ring and was used for impressing the bishop's seal on documents.

I am a night watchman in a large factory and have often wondered if there is a special Saint as Patron of watchmen. Could you give me the information?

Saint Peter Alcantara is considered the Patron Saint of watchmen in general. His Feast is kept by the Church on October 19th.

I often see in Catholic papers, at the head of certain articles, the letters N. C. W. C. What do they stand for, please?

Whenever the letters N. C. W. C. are found at the head of an article in the paper, it shows that the item was released by the "National Catholic Welfare Conference." This Conference has a special department known as the "Press Department" and the duty of the department is to serve the Catholic press at home and abroad with regular news and features. The Department is headed at present by Most Rev. Hugh C. Boyle, D. D., the Bishop of Pittsburgh, Pa.

I always thought that Saint Ursula was the foundress of the Ursuline Sisters, but was recently told that she was not. Is that true?

Yes, it is true. Saint Angela Merici is the foundress of the religious institute known as the Ursulines. She was canonized on May 24th, 1807 and her Feast is observed on May 31st.

Will you please tell me where I can get in touch with the Salesian Fathers in the United States?

The Salesian Fathers in the United States have their headquarters at 148 Main St., New Rochelle, N. Y.

Some days ago I read the word Megalomartyr and cannot find it in the dictionary—please tell me what it means.

The word Megalomartyr means "The Great Martyr" and is applied to Saint Artemius. He is often compared to Saint Paul the Apostle because for a long time he was a relentless persecutor of the Christians in the reign of Constantine. He was converted to the true faith after the death of Constantine and died by martyrdom in the year 363. His Feast is kept on October 20th.

May a Catholic girl read "Shepherds in Sackcloth" by Sheila Kaye-Smith?

Indeed, yes, for the work is very highly recommended by the Cardinal Hayes Literature Committee.

Is there any special Saint one may call upon in case of being falsely accused?

A time-honored tradition has it that those falsely accused should pray directly to Our Lord in commemoration of his trial before Pilate. However, Saint Raymond Nonnatus, whose Feast occurs August 31st has been invoked for many years by those suffering under a false accusation.

Who were the Ancients, who are honored in the Eastern churches?

The twenty-four Ancients, who sit about the Throne of God, clad in white garments and wearing crowns of gold, are, according to the Greek Church, a special order of heavenly beings. They are believed to be exalted above the Angels, nearest to God, and special mediators between God and men. In the Middle Ages a special Votive Mass was said in their honor on the Thursdays of the Ember weeks, but this Mass disappeared in the 15th century. The Copts still have a Solemn Feast in honor of the twenty-four Ancients on November 24th, which day is a holy day of obligation with them.

Could you please direct me where to find something suitable in the way of direction for dramatic work in a parish?

The editor of this column recommends that you secure the excellent little volume by Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL. D., entitled "The Parish Theatre" and published by Longmans, Green and Co. 4th Ave. and 30th St., N. Y.

Do we have in the United States some organization similar to the Catholic Truth Society in England?

Yes. The International Catholic Truth Society, located at 407 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y., is engaged in correcting in the daily press misrepresentations of Catholic doctrine and spreading through pamphlets a true knowledge of the Faith.

Could you please give me some information concerning the real symbolism of what Catholics call holy water?

Very gladly. Water is used for cleansing and for quenching fire, whilst salt is used to preserve from decay. In the sacramental holy water the Church combines water and salt to show the washing away of the stains of sin, the quenching of the fires of passion, and the preservation of the soul from relapse into sin. The use of holy water is a silent reminder of that holy water which made us children of God in baptism.



Our Sioux Indian Missions



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONARIES

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., and Rev. Damian Preske, O. S. B. Mail to St. Michael, N. D. Express and freight via Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Hildebrand Elliott, O. S. B. Mail to St. Ann's Mission, Belcourt, N. D. Express and freight via Rolla, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B., and Rev. Fintan Baltz, O. S. B. Mail to Immaculate Conception Mission, Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., and Rev. Edward Berheide, O. S. B. Mail to St. Paul's Mission, Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

OUR HERITAGE

Before our Lord returned to His heavenly kingdom, He left us a heritage—not jewels or wealth or lands, but souls; a heritage of millions of souls yet untaught. "Going forth, teach all nations." He came down, established His Church, taught and inspired those who were to be its leaders, then left the rest to us. "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep." He wanted us to have the merit of bringing to His feet the vast number of souls who as yet knew Him not. Ever since the Apostles heard that mandate, they and their successors have labored endlessly, indefatigably, to bring about this desirable end; it is a tremendous task, and the workers are all too few. All of us cannot go to the Mission field, there to labor for souls, but we can assist those who have left relatives, friends, everything, to devote their lives to the fulfilling of Christ's mandate. In that way, we, too, are helping to "teach all nations."

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MISSION COMPOSITION BY BLANCHE LA ROCHE, 7th GRADE

"Lent is a sober time for us; we try to be extra good and abstain from candy, and do various little acts of mortification. Then we have Stations on Sunday, Wednesday and Friday evenings. On Holy Thursday we keep the hours of adoration, and on that day we all pray a great deal for our good benefactors. On Good Friday we make visits to the church and kiss the crucifix. Holy Saturday morning is a happy time, when the bells ring and the organ plays again at the Gloria, and all the sad thoughts of Good Friday are over. We know that Jesus is resting quietly in His grave, and not suffering any more. But oh, Easter morning is the best of all. It is still pretty cold, and sometimes we have heavy snows, but in our hearts it is Spring, and how our hearts swell when we sing "Alleluia!" in church! When we go to the dining room for breakfast, what a pretty sight it is! The tables are decorated with colored Easter eggs, and each child has a cookie rabbit."

There are over two hundred children here; thirty-five cents will take care of all the needs of one child for one day. One dollar will care for three of them. Five dollars will furnish fifteen children with one day's necessities. Ten dollars will care for thirty.

ST. PAUL'S MISSION

Some of the Sioux Indians on the Yankton Reservation are too poor to have a frame or even a log house. Therefore, they are compelled to live the year round in a canvas tent, and this, with the rigorous Dakota winters, is anything but a warm habitation. Many Indians, thus inadequately housed, are also undernourished, and become an easy prey to prolonged colds, which soon turn into tuberculosis. One such young Indian mother has been removed from her canvas tent home to one of the small cabins being built on the Mission grounds. These cabins are called "St. Placid's Home," and tuberculosis cases, or contagious diseases are isolated there. Since in most Indian homes there is only one room, and usually a large family must live in it, where there is one sick member, the others are in danger of contracting the disease; so Father Sylvester has conceived the idea of building these cabins in order to isolate such cases, thus saving the other members of the family. Anyone wishing to contribute to the building of a cabin may do so; they may be donated in memory of a deceased relative.

ST. ANN'S—BELCOURT.

When the new missionary, Father Hildebrand Elliott, O. S. B., came to this Mission, there was a church, badly in need of repairs, a priest's house and a barn. Bro. Vital went along with him to do the needed repairs, turn the old rectory into a Sisters' house, and build a log cabin for the missionary. In a month's time after he arrived, there were 44 baptisms, and at the Novena to St. Ann, hundreds received Holy Communion, 75 children made their First Holy Communion, and over 2500 people marched in the procession.

Until the Government School closed on Dec. 22, the Sisters and the Catechist, Miss Cora Daunhauer, visited the school every day and taught catechism for two periods of a half-hour each to the Indian children. There were about 400 children in the school, and by dividing them up into six divisions, all the children had catechism every day for half an hour. In order to get the children for instruction, they had to be taken during the recreation period at noon. This meant that they must sacrifice a half hour of their play-time. They gladly did so; most of them were eager to attend the catechism classes, and expressed their disappointment when the Sisters did not come for one or two days before the Christmas holidays.

LITTLE FLOWER SCHOOL

The children gave a nice little entertainment on Father Ambrose's feast day, which was a "secret" from him, but not to the parents of the little ones who were to take part, or to certain visitors from the Government School at Fort Totten, who wanted to see how Indian talent is brought out by the unexcelled training of our good nuns. Father Damian was heard to ob-

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AGNES BROWN HERING

LITTLE BOY LONELY

Gee! I bet ya God gits lonely,
An' a littul bit afraid,
When the church is dark an' empty,
An' the peopul havunt pray'd.

I guess it makes Him pretty sad,
But I bet His Mother knows,
An' comes from Heav'n to talk with Him
When all the doors er' closed.

An' some day when it's raining hard,
An' the peopul all stay home,
I'll come in an' sit beside Him,
So's He won't be all alone.

VINCENT PAULDING, in the *Miraculous Medal*.

THE SURPRISE PACKAGE

"Daddy, what have you? Who is it for? Oh, do let me see!" Betty jumped up and down on the front veranda as Daddy came up the steps.

"Well, little lady, since your name is on the package, I'll turn it over to you, though you really should wait till Easter. That would be an act of self-denial wouldn't it?" Daddy looked serious enough, but there was a twinkle in his eye. Then, noting the look of perplexity on Betty's face, he handed it to her: "You better open it, for it might contain something that wouldn't keep. I see Grandma's name on the return card."

"Bobby! Bobby! come here! Do you wish to see what grandma sent me?" Bobby pulled out his new pocket knife proudly and cut the strings that bound the package, and very soon Betty's nimble fingers had the wrappings off.

"Onions! Onions! Onions! Ho, ho, ho!" laughed Bobby, as he rolled about the floor and turned a hand-spring.

Betty's face clouded and tears were not far from the lashes. "That is a funny present for Grandma to send me!" her lips quivered. "But they do not smell in the least like onions!"

Mother smiled to herself, and picking up a note from the box said, "See, here is a letter. Perhaps you may find an explanation."

Betty grasped it eagerly and read:

"Dear Betty,

In this package you will find a dozen bulbs. They are not very pretty now, but if you do as I tell you, they may surprise you about Easter time. Fill two flower pots with dirt from the garden. Plant six bulbs

in each flower pot and water them well, and set them out of the light. Some day you will see little green leaves appearing above the dirt. When these leaves are about two inches high then you must move the flower pots into the light, and keep them moist as before. Let me know what happens. With love,

Grandma."

Betty followed instructions and by and by the little green shoots grew into long narrow leaves, and then one day green stems came up between the leaves. The end of each stem was shaped like a pod. These stems grew until they were just as tall as the leaves and in Holy Week the pods all opened and out came beautiful white fragrant flowers. Betty was so happy that she danced for joy.

"Oh, Mother! May I take them to the church to be placed on the altar? Won't they look beautiful there?"

"Yes, Betty, I am glad you thought of that. Tomorrow is Holy Thursday, the day Jesus gave Himself to us in the Blessed Sacrament, and I shall be very happy if you will honor Him by taking your flowers to His house."

On Easter Sunday morning when Betty and Bobby knelt at the altar rail to receive Our Lord in Holy Communion they saw Betty's beautiful flowers close to the Tabernacle where Jesus stays.

Betty was very happy that she had taken such good care of the bulbs. She and Bobby laughed when they reached home to think they had mistaken the bulbs for onions.

LETTER BOX

Some time ago Adrian Emery wrote asking us to acquaint her correspondents with the fact that she had moved from 25 Cara Street in River Rouge to 14744 Dasher Street in Allen Park, Michigan. She says that in the process of moving her address book was lost and she should like to hear from Elizabeth Anchea, Marian Smith, Sophie Straka, Margaret Zerbe, Catherine Doherty, Lucille Puckett, Rita F. Raske, Eleanor Swayze, Marie Fischer, and all the others. Adrian lives in the country now and is two miles from her nearest neighbor.

We are sorry we mislaid your letter Adrian, and do hope that it may still bring all your friends back to you.

And all of you Boys and Girls of our once happy Corner, come back again. Let us join hands and dance around the Maypole. How many will there be in the big circle? We want to print your names right here. Who will head the list?

WHY JESUS CAME

(Concluded)

Although the Protestant churches have broken away from the Church that Our Divine Savior established, yet one church alone has never broken away, but has remained true to Him throughout the nineteen centuries that have passed since her Holy Founder died on Mount Calvary on the tree of the cross, and that church is the Catholic Church. From heaven Our Savior watches over His Church, as He promised He would do when He said: "Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world" (Matth. 28:20), that is, to the end of time.

As all men have free will, Our Savior does not force anyone to belong to His Church, nor will He force any Catholic to save himself. He has placed the means of salvation within our reach, namely, the sacraments and prayer, and He expects us to make use of these means. Moreover, He will give us all the graces, or helps that we need to lead good lives and die in His friendship, but He leaves us entirely free to accept or to refuse His assistance.

Maybe a little comparison will help us to understand how our free will acts. Supposing that a man, or a child, has fallen into a deep cistern and there is no way for him to climb out. He surely doesn't want to stay at the bottom of that cistern, even if it should be dry. Someone passes by and hears him call for help. Like the good Samaritan in the Gospel, this passer-by wants to help the poor fellow to get out again. He goes and fetches a ladder and lets it down. Now remember that the man in the cistern has free will. He can make use of the ladder and climb out, or he can let it alone and stay in the cistern. That's free will. A man of good sense will surely not choose to remain at the bottom of that cistern.

In a similar way the grace of God works. Grace is somewhat like the ladder, it is a help that God gives us to do good or to avoid evil. The help is given, we may use it or let it alone, our will is left entirely free. When temptation troubles us, God offers us the grace to overcome the tempter. If we make use of the necessary means: prayer, good thoughts, and the like, we shall overcome the tempter and shall not offend God by sin. With His help or grace we can lead good lives and can persevere in His friendship to the end of our lives. We need His grace, for He has said: "Without me you can do nothing" (John 15:5), that is, without the help, that is, grace of God we are unable to do anything good or meritorious for heaven.

The Catholic Church alone is spread over the whole earth. The Catholic Church alone can claim Jesus Christ as its Founder. The Protestant churches are sects, which means, cut off from the true Church. The Catholic Church alone, which is not a sect, but the parent church, has kept the doctrine of Jesus Christ whole and entire. She alone is governed by a visible head who can trace his God-given power and authority down through the ages to the Apostle St. Peter. As the Catholic Church alone can trace her origin back to Christ Himself, has always taught all the doctrines

of Christ, and has remained united under one head, the Pope, who is the successor of St. Peter, she must necessarily be the one true Church. More than this, she has passed through great storms, which her enemies raised in order to wreck her, but the guiding hand of God brought her safe through all these storms. Christ said that he built his Church upon a rock (that is, a solid foundation) and that the gates of hell (by which He means the enemies of that Church) should not prevail against her.

Many attacks have been made upon Catholics and upon the Church, and often has she been threatened with destruction; even whole nations have been robbed of their faith by heresy. The Church was almost entirely blotted out in various countries, especially in England, Germany, and other lands. Yet, in an invisible manner Christ remains with His Church and she shall never be destroyed, but shall continue to the end of time, for her mission is to save souls as long as men inhabit this globe.

In this little article we have told you the reason why Jesus came upon earth—to save the souls of all men. He could have found some other means by which to do this, but, the fact is, He founded for this purpose an organization which we call the Church.

We should never cease to thank God that in His mercy and goodness He has given us the true faith and has called us to the true Church. More than this, we should endeavor to show our gratitude by leading good lives, faithfully attending Mass and receiving the sacraments frequently. To our non-Catholic neighbors we should give the light of good example and should pray that they may have the grace to find the true Church.

Jesus came to save us and to make us happy forever with Him in heaven. Praised be Jesus Christ now and throughout all eternity!

Little Peggy, who heard her sister praying for her brother, her aunt, and her father, all of whom were sick, knelt down and said from her heart: "Dear God, please take care of yourself, because if anything happens to you, I don't know what I shall do about Daddy, Billy, or Auntie."

Our Sioux Indian Missions

(Continued from page 379)

serve that "Little Flower School makes its own angels," as he passed through the corridor and saw wings sprouting on the shoulders of four little tots, with Sister as the magician. "The Enchanted Grotto" was the name of the play, and the evening was further enlivened by a number of piano selections, duets and trios, which proved what good musicians Indian children can make. Both Father Ambrose and Father Damian were presented with a cushion, on which was fixed the symbol of our redemption, a cross, the handiwork of a gifted Indian girl, thirteen years of age.

Send donations for sewing machines to Clare Hampton, 5436 Holly Hills Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Abbey and Seminary

—During the last week in February a bit of winter broke the spell of warmth and sunshine. Some six or seven inches of snow fell and Mercury beat a hasty retreat towards the bulb. Local thermometers registered ten below zero, but the Government thermometers showed only one below. Eight days later spring weather had returned and there wasn't so much as a frost to be seen in the early morning. Four seasons in one week is not common.

—For obvious reasons the Abbey closes its fiscal year on Feb. 1. Two weeks later our treasurer gave an account of his stewardship. Despite the hard times that are upon us, his report proved quite satisfactory, for not only had current expenses been met and two buildings remodeled, but there was something left over for a rainy day. This is gratifying. Of course the Abbey farm came in for its share in keeping down the burden, for it furnished vegetables, grain, hay, coal, and wood. The quarry also yielded some sandstone for the market. Several products of the farm will, no doubt, prove of interest to some of our readers. The dairy barn, for instance, supplied the kitchen with 54,000 gallons of wholesome, palatable milk, the quality of which can scarcely be excelled. The whole family is thus enabled to have plenty of nourishing milk at the principal meal of the day. Another item was contributed by the poultry farm, which delivered 88,000 fresh eggs. This number will not seem excessive when one considers that for a single meal 100 dozen are required to feed our big family a dish of scrambled eggs. Meat is still another item, and by no means a small one. The abattoir or slaughter house furnished 127,000 pounds of fresh meat in the best of condition. Great quantities of bread and potatoes are also necessary to build up the young and give strength to the adult. Besides all this a 75-gallon coffee urn in the kitchen dispenses drink for the morning and the evening meals.

—Towards the end of February Father Abbot went to Aurora, Ill., to attend to business matters and to visit the priests of our community who teach there at Marmion.

—An event out of the ordinary that brought pleasure to young and old was the visit to our institution of Mr. and Mrs. Karl Kae Knecht of Evansville on Feb. 18. Mr. Knecht, who has been employed for years as cartoonist by the Evansville daily *Courier*, gave us a clever chalk talk in the afternoon. Although he was born in South Dakota in pioneer days, Mr. Knecht has spent most of his years on the paper with which he is now connected.

—In ember week four subdeacons of the Seminary, who are preparing for the priesthood for the Louisville diocese, were called by their bishop to Gethsemani Abbey to receive the diaconate on Ember Saturday. The new deacons are the Rev. Messrs. James Stammerman, William Burch, Thomas Hayden, and James Dalton.

—The outstanding news item for the past month was the breaking out of the German measles in the Minor Seminary, which was quarantined for a time. The

greatest number of patients at one time was about eighty. The epidemic was very mild, but the after-effects—headache and weak eyes—were rather annoying for some days. The large dormitory had the appearance of a hospital ward. The convalescents occupied the infirmary.

—The daily paper for Feb. 28 brought us the sad news that a former student of our college, Mr. William Zachman, '96-'98, had in a fit of despondency taken his life. The deceased had been in poor health the past three years. His widow and four grown sons and two daughters remain to mourn their loss. Because of the circumstances attending the death of the unfortunate man, he was given Christian burial. The funeral was held from St. Benedict's Church at Evansville. Mr. Zachman was once a member of the choir at St. Benedict's. We bespeak for the repose of the soul of the deceased a memento in prayer.

—Father Joseph Jacobs, class of '07, pastor at Bonner Springs, Kansas, since 1914, has been appointed chaplain of the Old Soldiers' Home at Leavenworth. This is a civil service appointment, which carries with it, as we read, the title and privilege of captain in the army. There were more than eighteen applicants for the position, which is the gift of the President of the United States. Captain Jacobs was the first resident pastor at Bonner Spring, which flourished under his pastoration. In 1914 he found a small congregation of twenty-eight families; now there are seventy. The small church that he built at the outset was supplanted in 1921 by a fine new structure.—The new chaplain hails from Perry County, Indiana, the west line of which is only a mile from the Abbey. Father Francis Taton, class of '89, another Perry County boy, has been chaplain at the National Soldiers' Home, Leavenworth, for many years.

—Although the new Minor Seminary is fireproof throughout, as is also the Major Seminary, and the library, and fire doors have been placed within fire walls on each floor, thus dividing the old building into four distant units, an adequate water system has likewise been installed to furnish further protection against fire. This system has the approval of the Inspection Bureau of the State of Indiana. The large water tower, with its capacity of more than 500,000 gallons of water, is kept filled. Hydrants have been so distributed that water can be played upon all parts of the main building as well as of the out buildings. The water mains are six inches in diameter. Connected with the system is a 75-horsepower pump that will shoot in excess of 750 gallons of water per minute from three nozzles attached to 2½ inch hose. The state fire instructor quite recently gave us two lectures and went through two fire drills with our newly organized fire company. We pray for protection against fire and have taken at least ordinary precautions against this destructive element, should it take us by surprise. The disastrous fire of 1887 has not yet escaped our memory, nor has the recollection of the several other lesser conflagrations that have occurred in the meantime been entirely deleted. May we be preserved from further visitations.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

He Is Risen!

The occurrences surrounding our Saviour's burial were seemingly accidental, yet very manifestly arranged by Divine Providence. It was requisite that the sepulchre be near to Calvary, so that the Body of our Lord might be taken down from the Cross and laid in the tomb before the repose of the Sabbath commenced; it was proper, too, that the sepulchre be entirely new, and that no person should have been hither-to interred therein, first, that in its way it might imitate the purity of Mary, and second, that no one might be able to say that some other person had risen from the dead; it is necessary that the tomb be hewn out of solid rock, so that no suspicion might arise of its having been broken open, and the Body taken away.

The chief priests and the Pharisees saw to that; they went to Pilate and told of their fears that the apostles might steal the Body and then say that the Master had risen from the dead. Pilate told them to take a guard of Roman soldiers and place them before the door of the tomb; not satisfied with that, they even sealed the great stone which served as a door, fastening the high priest's ring to it and to the wall of the sepulchre, so that no one could roll away the stone without detaching the ring. By doing this, they were unwittingly increasing the glory of God, for the Saviour arose and left His rocky prison in spite of seals and guards and a stone that required several men to move it. Evidently He passed through the walls of the sepulchre without disturbing the stone at all, for according to Scripture, it seems the stone was not rolled away until the holy women came to anoint our Lord. "Behold there was a great earthquake. For an angel of the Lord descended from Heaven, and coming rolled back the stone and sat upon it." (Matt. XXVIII. 2-4)

When they came, softly they crept to the tomb and timidly looked in, wondering who had taken away the Body of the Lord. We all know the angel's glorious answer: "He is risen! He is not here."

Eucharistica

Knowing that Jesus Christ is actually present on our altars, it would seem that Holy Mother Church would have difficulty in keeping her children away from the Sacramental Presence long enough to attend to the daily duties of life. But alas, the minds of the people are so filled with material worries and anxieties and pleasures, that they give but little thought to the great

mystery daily enacted on our altars. We are often touched when we read of the devotion of the early Christians, and history tells us how, during times of oppression, people gathered in glens and mountain-sides to be secretly present at Mass, while others, at great risk, secretly brought priests to their homes to say Mass, and notified the faithful who lived nearby, that they might also be present.

Seeing the risks that these good people took, it is a sad thing to find our churches half empty on week-days, when so many persons live close by the church, many of them just across the street; yet they do not bother to take the trouble to dress for a half hour's honor to God Almighty each morning, or at least two or three mornings of the week, although the Mass is the highest form of worship we can offer Him, and every Mass will weigh heavily against our sins on the last day.

We are cold mortals, much attached to earthly things and of ourselves we cannot expect to preserve a love of God within us; just as a pot of water will not boil if kept away from the fire, so does the human heart remain cold and unmoved when kept away from the Divine Fire, which is the Love of God, centered in that great, burning Heart of His, hidden away under the veils of the tabernacle. But just to be present at Mass as a matter of routine or habit is not enough; we must strive to delve down into the real meaning of the Mass, meditate on its mysteries and their relation to ourselves; we must strive to rouse within ourselves love and gratitude to return for what God has done for us.

Spring Planting

If the Spring is slow and cold, much gardening work may be done indoors, so that by the time the weather is mild enough, plants will already have a good start. One or two geraniums may be made into many young slips by cutting up the old plants and placing cuttings in small pots of earth. By the time danger of frost is over, they may be placed out in the garden; gently tap the pot and place the whole ball of earth into the ground, without disturbing the plant. Begonias likewise may be propagated by breaking off a flourishing stem at a joint and placing in a pot of wet sand until it roots; this will require from two to three weeks, when cuttings may be changed to pots of earth. The sand should be kept wet at all times.

Rubber plants may be propagated by cutting off a stem at a joint and placing in a Mason jar filled three-fourths with sand, then filled to the top with water.

The stem of the rubber plant should not be pushed into the sand, but just rest upon it. Keep in shady window until rooted. This takes from one month to six weeks—sometimes longer. As soon as strong roots protrude on all sides, transfer to a pot of rich dirt and keep well watered and in the shade.

Phlox, snapdragon, verbenas, and other flowering plants that are slow to grow from seed, should be started indoors in pots or boxes, in sunny windows. They may be sown quite thickly, and when frosts are over, may be removed to the garden. Of course, the larger they are grown in the box or pot, the more quickly will they develop and flower in the garden. Zinnias, delphinium and larkspur, however, grow very quickly if seed is planted in the garden about the middle of April and kept well watered. The delphinium and larkspur will flower until the end of June, when they will be about through. They may then be removed to make room for other flowers, and by that time enough seed will have fallen to provide for next year's growth. When selecting zinnia seed, the best variety is the giant, so called because its blooms are large and full like rosettes, resembling dahlias. They bloom the entire summer and make a mass of pleasant color.

Recipes

POTATO BUNS: Dissolve 1 cake yeast and 1 tablespoon sugar in 1 cup milk that has been scalded and cooled to lukewarm. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mashed potatoes and 2 cups sifted flour. Blend well and let rise about a half hour. Then add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg and about $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour, or enough to make dough that can be handled. Cover, let rise in two hours, or until dough has doubled in bulk. Form into buns, place in greased pans, let rise $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours then bake 25 minutes. Buns may be brushed with milk and sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon, or merely brushed with egg.

Household Hints

When making biscuits or pie a quick way to chop the lard and flour together is, to use a wire potato masher. In three minutes the job is done.

Save the large brown paper bags from the grocer; cut them in half and they will just fit in the inner can of the kitchen garbage receptacle. When emptying, throw out the garbage, bag and all, and the can remains clean. Of course, rinsing and airing are always essential.

For Spring painting, good brushes are necessary; the cheap ones exasperatingly shed hair all over the paint job.

Book Notices

At the Shrines of God's Friends. By Frederick M. Lynk, S. V. D. Mission Press, Book Dept., Techny, Ill. 220 pages. Price \$2.20.

Father Lynk, by his "At the Shrines of God's Friends," has put the Catholic reading public in his lasting debt. What good child of Mother Church has not at some time or other dreamed or longed to visit some of the more prominent of these shrines? But comparatively few have the opportunity and much less the means by which such dreams might be realized.

Father Lynk has helped us out of this dilemma. He has been able to film these Shrines with his own eyes, and now he throws them on the screen of a book and brings them within the scope of every Catholic family.

May "At the Shrines of God's Friends" find a hearty welcome, and may the spirit of these Shrines, the spirit of true faith and charity, find entrance with the book and counteract the spirit of indifference and materialism so characteristic of the present world. O. W.

Cherie in Oldville. By May Beatrix McLaughlin. (Benziger Brothers, New York: Price, \$1.25.)

Cherie has come to the close of her school days only to find sorrow and suffering. But not for long. The beneficial influence that can be exercised by genial companionship is made the developing factor in a good story. Misunderstandings are to blame for much of the discontent and unhappiness in this world of selfishness. Cherie discovers that others are after all kindly disposed even if the exterior sometimes is not so winning. The book is recommended as "excellent for Catholic girls."

Petals. A Brochure of Poems, by Anthony F. Klinker, who was recently elected poet laureate for the State of Iowa, is a collection of ten poems that have appeared in various publications. Price, 40¢. M. J. Knippel Co., Dubuque, Iowa.

From the Catholic Dramatic Movement, 1511 W. Wisconsin Ave., Milwaukee:

A Woman in the House, a Comedy in three acts by Jean Cameron Agnew. In this play a situation is created which, while not likely to exist in real life, will nevertheless furnish much amusement to the audience. This play won first prize in a National Play Contest. The cast is made up for four men and seven women. Single copy 50¢; Twelve copies \$5. J. P.

The Princess of the Mohawks, a drama in three acts, by the Rev. Joseph P. Clancy, depicts the struggle Tekakwitha, Indian maid of New France, had in embracing and defending the tenets of Christianity. The wild superstitions, the diabolical viciousness, cruelty, and hatred of her tribe made her brief life one of heroism, and her courageous death one of martyrdom. A stage presentation of so beautiful a soul will do much to awaken slumbering consciences and to renew the first fervent love of virtue and the cross. J. P.

Rogue River Red, a play in three acts, by the Rev. Joseph P. Clancy. This is a good play for boys in the seventh and eighth grades. The adventures of a troop of scouts on an outing in the Oregon country make up most of the story. Kidnapers, Indians, and a buried treasure add excitement to the mirth ever present with a crowd of boys. Price 35¢. J. P.

Thirty Million, a one-act comedy by Martin J. Heymans.—Playing time 30 minutes.—This play, to be staged successfully, will call for very original and ingenious acting, since the lines themselves are not a very successful attempt at comedy. The plot is hackneyed. One redeeming feature is its brevity, making it possible to use it as a light filler in a heavy program. Price 25¢. J. P.

The Watchers' Play. By Rudolph Henz (translated from the German). This brief play, requiring only six characters, is the dramatizing of an incident in the life of a small robber band. Its one act covers a period of several hours on Easter morning, during which the murder of a priest is effected; sacrilegious treatment of the Sacred Host, which he carries, is prevented by a powerful grace. The conversion of the murderers is the result. No reason is given for the murder of the priest, the dialogue is often meaningless, and the actions of the murderers are not at all real. The play is certainly not convincing. Price 30¢. J. P.

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